

A Beautiful Love Story, "A Girl's Heart," by Rett Winwood, commenced this week!

NEW YORK Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

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Vol. VIII.

S. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1877.

TERMS IN ADVANCE
(One copy, four months, \$1.00
One copy, one year, . . . 3.00
Two copies, one year, . . . 5.00)

No. 378

WOONG

BY EREN K. REXFORD.

The bees hung over the clover,
And the birds sang, up in the blue,
And the lily-cups brimmed over
With the summer morning's dew.
The roses nodded together,
As gossiping roses do,
And said that such beautiful weather
Was just the time to woo.
I know that she heard the roses,
For her cheeks were red as their own,
And her eyes, as a flower half-closed,
Looked down at a wayside stone.
Then a silence fell about us,
Though the birds sang, and the breeze
Brought the sound of haying music
And the humming of the bees.
Such a deep and beautiful silence!
We seemed from the world apart!
Only us two together,
And we were heart to heart.
In the sweet and holy silence
That came about us then
We forgot all the things that trouble
The world, and the ways of men.
A robin flew up from the clover
With a straw in his pretty bill,
For the nest in the blossoming cherry,
And sang—I can hear him still!
For my heart was singing with him,
As he built his little nest,
While his brown wife chirped and chattered,
With the sun on her speckled breast.
Then my happy heart ran over
My lips, in a lover's words,
But if you would know what I told her,
You must go and ask the birds.
I forgot them all, in the gladness
That came to my heart that day
When she promised to walk beside me
And be my own away.

A Girl's Heart;

OR,

DR. TREMAINE'S WOONG.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A SUMMER NIGHT'S REVELATION.

WHAT A hot, stifling night it was! Not a breath of air fluttered in the tree-tops, or lingered to waltz with the languid heart's ease and yellow daffodils hiding away in the dark recesses of the garden below. The heat was fearfully intense. It stifled and oppressed one with its fervor.
Rachel Clyde felt the languor of the night as she sat gasping at the open window of her little bedroom. There was no light in the room save the silvery radiance of the moonbeams. She sat quite alone in the purplish dusk—alone with her own unpleasant thoughts.
She felt strangely nervous and distrustful; once or twice she shivered, without knowing why.
"Is anybody walking over my grave, I wonder?" she murmured, and then laughed at her own foolish fancies.
It was already quite late. The house had been quiet for more than an hour. But Rachel could not sleep. I don't know which was most at fault, the oppressive heat, or her own distressful thoughts.
At last she arose. The close air of the room she could endure no longer. Throwing a light scarf over her head she glided noiselessly from the apartment, and slowly descended the stairs, pausing at nearly every step to listen.
"Madame Gale must not hear me," she said, to herself, with a little grimace. "She does not approve of night ramblers. I should be sure of a lecture."
So she groped her way onward, very carefully, a glass door opened upon a terrace at one end of the hall. The key always hung on a hook close by—and this key Rachel intended to confiscate and let herself out with it.
The darkness was quite intense in this part of the hall, for the glass door was thickly shaded with vines. But the girl knew the way perfectly, and almost at the first trial she found the hook where the key usually hung.
But the hook was empty; the key was gone! Rachel gave a quick start as she made this discovery. She groped for the door-handle. It turned without difficulty. The key was in the lock!
She could draw but one inference from this fact—for Madame Gale was very particular about securing the doors at night. Somebody must have gone out before her.
Who was it—Madame Gale herself, or one of the servants?
Rachel stood quite still for a moment, puzzled and at a loss. Should she go on and run the risk of being discovered?
The grounds looked dark and cool and pleasant. Rachel could not withstand the temptation to hide herself in their odoriferous recesses. She stepped across the terrace, and ran swiftly down the steps into the garden.
The moonlight would have betrayed her had she lingered near the house. Therefore she darted into the nearest shrubbery and fled in its shadow to a more remote portion of the grounds.
The strange, solemn hush of night reigned everywhere. Above swung a purple arch of stars, calm, peaceful, serene. The young moon hung, a silver crescent, in the western heaven.



"But you are, madame. I know you are keeping back the truth. There is something I am not to find out."

The garden seemed like the evergreen court of some enchanted land.
Flitting up and down in the profound gloom of the syringas and lime-trees, Rachel's thoughts naturally turned into their former channel. The mystery that shrouded her early life affected her more powerfully than usual this night. Why was it? Was fate about to prove itself kind at last, and open some of its mystic pages?
Her history was a peculiar one. She knew nothing of her parents—not even if she had a right to the name she bore. She had lived with Madame Gale ever since she could remember. At first her brother Richard had been with her, and made the sum of her happiness. Richard was her twin-brother, and she loved him fondly. But a terrible grief had crept into the lives of these two, and now they were separated. Rachel did not even know where her brother might be wandering. Sometimes she feared he was lost to her forever.
It is not strange that her thoughts were bitter ones as she wandered up and down the shadowy walks under the summer stars.
Presently a foot stepped on the gravel path. Rachel heard it, thought suddenly of the unbolted door, and crouched low in the odorous gloom of tangled roses and rhododendrons growing close at hand.
Not an instant too soon. Two figures turned a sudden bend in the path, and came straight toward her hiding-place.
One was Madame Gale. Rachel recognized her instantly, despite the thin shawl Madame had taken the precaution to throw over her head.
Her companion was a lady very richly dressed. Rachel could not see her face distinctly, for she wore a veil, dusky as was the night. But her silk gown rustled along the walk as she advanced.
Rachel lay low in her hiding-place quite breathless. She was now too frightened to stir. Even the cracking of a twig under her foot would have betrayed her.
She vaguely wondered what Madame Gale could be doing here so late, and why this strange lady was with her. Even as the thought passed through her mind, a voice low and singularly sweet broke the silence.
"Have you nothing to propose, Agnes?"
"Nothing, Pauline."
It was Madame Gale who answered. She spoke harshly, almost angrily.
"You are cruel," cried the strange lady, petulantly. "You see my trouble, and yet will not lift your finger to help me out of it."
"How can I? You made the trouble for yourself."
Every word reached Rachel's ears distinctly. To her grief and horror, the two women suddenly halted so close to her hiding-place that she might have touched their garments.
"I have sacrificed enough for you already," Madame Gale went on, in a hard voice. "More than enough, when I think how ungrateful you have shown yourself."
"You have never wanted for money."
"Money! Bah! As if money made up the sum and substance of earthly happiness!"
"I will do anything you ask of me, Agnes, only you must promise to keep that girl out of the way."
"Rachel Clyde?"

"Yes, Rachel."
"Have I not done so all these years? Has she ever troubled you?"
"Never," moving uneasily, and drawing a deep breath. "But at this moment the danger is tenfold greater than it ever was before. I'm heart-sick, Agnes. My mind is heavy with foreboding."
Madame Gale turned, angrily.
"You were a fool for coming here, Pauline. Do you think I can keep the lion from biting you if you will run into its jaws?"
"I did not wish to come. I thought you understood that. It was my husband's doing. He took a sudden fancy to this neighborhood. I remonstrated as long as I dared; but all in vain. Of course I could not let him come alone."
"I should say not."
"I see but one way out of our difficulty. Rachel must go. I shall not draw a free breath while she remains."
"Send Rachel away?"
"Certainly. Why not?"
There was a moment's silence. Madame Gale seemed to quiver with some suppressed emotion. When she spoke again her voice was not quite steady.
"Pauline, I have learned to love that girl," she said. "If you mean any harm to her you might as well give up your purpose first as last."
"Harm!" echoed the strange lady, scornfully. "Don't be a fool, Agnes."
"What is your purpose?"
"Rachel has been well educated. Find her a situation to teach in some remote place. You might do it."
"Will you?"
"I don't know," hesitatingly. "I have grown used to her, and dislike to give her up. Is there no other way?"
"None. You can see for yourself what a risk we run while she remains."
"Yes, yes."
"Besides, that precious scamp, Dick, might come back at any moment. And then we would have two ghosts instead of one to murder our rest."
"That isn't likely. Dick wouldn't dare come back, just yet."
"True."
"And Rachel is such an innocent child she would never work ill to anybody."
"Bah!" sneered the strange lady; "I am not so sure of that."
Then, with a sudden change of tone, she added:
"I must see the girl. I have not looked upon her face for years, you remember. Strange, isn't it, that I should never have had the courage to seek a meeting?"
"Not strange to me," answered Madame Gale, abruptly.
There was another silence. Then the strange lady turned, awfully.
"I'm going back, Agnes," she said, with a shiver. "Ugh! The garden seems to be haunted to-night. I can't stay here; it's under an evil spell."
She forced a strange, hard laugh, as she spoke, and began to move away. Madame Gale turned, without a word, and followed her.
Rachel waited until the last echo of their

footsteps had died in the distance. Then she rose, flushed and frightened.
What did it all mean? Who was this strange lady, who seemed to know so much of her, and had such good cause to be afraid of her. Why was she afraid?
Rachel stood breathless and palpitating. Oh, how she had longed and prayed to have the secret of her parentage revealed to her! To-night, at last, she knew she had stood on the verge of a great discovery. Could she let the golden opportunity slip away from her forever?
No, no! Rousing herself, she fled wildly along the path by which the two ladies had just disappeared. She meant to throw herself at their feet, and conjure them to tell her everything.
Her mother! They might have known her mother! Rachel grew almost delirious at the thought. One word—one little word of that sainted being would have been such a comfort to her!
Suddenly a man's figure confronted her in her mad flight, as if it had risen from the bowels of the earth.
She stopped short, her heart beating fearfully loud and fast. She felt curious eyes fixed upon her face.
"Good-evening, Miss Clyde," said a cool, musical voice.
Rachel gave a start of surprise.
"Dr. Tremaine!" she cried sharply.
"I think this is a mutual surprise, Miss Clyde."
Her face flushed purple. She felt glad the moon was no brighter. Dropping her eyes, she said, in a very low voice:
"I did not expect to meet anybody in the grounds at this hour."
He laughed, and looked at her more fixedly than ever.
"No doubt," he answered. "I must confess to being an interloper. But the gates stood open, and I could not resist the impulse to trespass."
"I am sure Madame Gale would have made you welcome."
"Madame Gale has other friends to entertain at the present moment, I believe."
Rachel gave him a swift glance. Did he know! Had he heard anything?
"Other friends!" she echoed.
He laughed again, and shrugged his shoulders, whimsically. Rachel was sure she saw his face change in the moonlight.
"N'importe," he muttered with a careless laugh. "Madame's friends are nothing to me. Why should I concern myself about them?"
Then, clasping the girl's hand suddenly in his own:
"But I fear I am detaining you, Miss Clyde. These night damps are not good for one. You will have no roses in your cheeks to-morrow. Au revoir!"
He swung on his heel and strode away in the darkness. Left alone Rachel drew a long, shivering breath of disappointment, and fled precipitately toward the house.
Two stately figures still lingered by the garden-gate. Madame Gale's strange visitor had not taken her departure.
Rachel fled past them noiselessly as a spirit. The glass door opening upon the terrace stood slightly ajar, just as she had left it.

She stole into the passage, and crept like a wraith up to her close little chamber under the roof. Once there she threw herself on the couch, and gave way to a passionate fit of weeping.
"Oh, my mother!" she moaned. "Am I to live and grow old and die, never knowing more of you than I do at this moment! Am I never to realize a mother's love? If so, God give me strength to bear the disappointment." Such had been the burden of her plaint for more nights than one. But it had never been so passionately earnest as now.

CHAPTER II.

THE UNHORSED RIDER.

RACHEL was paler than her wont the next morning. Even Madame Gale remarked it.
"I'm afraid you are not well, my dear," she said, speaking in a very gentle tone.
Rachel was sipping her coffee rather languidly at the time, but she did not raise her eyes.
"Thank you," she answered; "I believe I am as well as usual."
"Then you must have passed a bad night." Madame saw the girl start and shiver. She was a shrewd woman of the world—was Madame Gale. Human nature presented very few problems that she could not solve. Her scrutiny extended even to trifles. Rachel's show of emotion was not lost upon her by any means.
"You are eating nothing," she said, sharply, after a moment's thinking. "Put on your bonnet and come with me for a walk. You need the fresh air."
Rachel silently complied. Madame did not take the public promenade, as was her habit, but turned into a shady green lane that seemed deserted.
She walked on in utter silence. Rachel stole a swift glance into her face every now and then. Madame was always a stern-looking woman, but now her countenance seemed colder and more forbidding than usual.
Rachel's heart sunk.
"She is going to tell me I must leave here," she thought. "And if I go I shall never know anything more of my own early history. There will be nobody to tell me."
Impelled by this fear, she suddenly caught Madame Gale's hand and clasped it eagerly in her own.
"Oh, madame," she cried, "you might make me so very happy, if you would! I think I have a right to know! You will not be cruel and refuse to tell me!"
Madame Gale drew back, frowning darkly.
"Silly child," she said, snatching away her hand. "You are hysterical. I don't know what you mean."
"You do know!" screamed Rachel, almost beside herself. "I can see it in your face. I want you to tell me of my mother."
"Your mother?" she echoed. Then she bit her lip and laughed—a short, sarcastic laugh very disagreeable to hear.
"Hush, child. Do not question me. It would not make you happier to hear about your mother."
"Did you know her?"
Madame nodded.
"And my father? Of course you must have known him, too! Oh, Madame Gale, dear Madame Gale, please tell me all about them."
"Bah!" cried the woman, angrily. "Be silent, won't you? If there was anything you ought to hear I should have told you long ago."
She shook off Rachel's clinging hand and hurried onward. But her lips were white, and not easy of control. Less than a yard away she came to a sudden standstill.
She had heard the thunderous thud of hoofbeats on the hard ground, and a shrill cry of terror. Looking back she caught a glimpse of a horse and rider, tearing like mad down the lane directly toward her.
One quick glance told her that it was a runaway. She sprang to Rachel's side, crying out sharply.
On tore the maddened beast, snorting wildly, and flecking its beautiful sides with foam. The bridle swung loosely, dragging through the dew-wet grass of the lane, and a poor helpless figure clung desperately to the frantic creature's back.
Of a sudden the horse gave a mad bound, and shot like a flash past the two frightened women, but he had left his rider lying in the hedge-row behind him—stunned, bruised, bleeding—possibly dead!
Rachel rushed forward. She was calmer and stronger than Madame Gale in this sudden emergency. She tore aside the thick foliage of the hedges, and stooped over the body of the man.
He lay perfectly still, exactly as he had fallen. Madame caught a glimpse of the prostrate figure and screamed, wildly:
"He is dead!"
Rachel swung sharply around.
"Water!" she said, in a stern, low voice. "Be quick! There's a house among those trees yonder."
Madame stood pausing a moment, drew a quick breath, and fled in the direction indicated.
Rachel lifted the senseless man's head in her arms. She rested it gently against her shoulder and began to chafe the cold brow with her hand.
It was a handsome, high-bred face she looked

ed upon. The features were delicately, almost sharply-cut, but the glossy hair clustering so thickly about the white temples was well sprinkled with gray.

Rachel experienced a strange, indefinable thrill as she gazed upon that handsome countenance. It wore a weary, listless expression, even in unconsciousness, that appealed strongly to her feelings. She felt drawn to the man by some powerful but subtle fascination—whether of good or evil she could not have told.

At last he moved, moaned, and opened his eyes with a wild stare.

"Where am I?" he asked, faintly.

"You were thrown from your horse, sir. I feared you might be seriously injured."

"Ah, yes. I remember, now."

He passed his hand over his brow. Then, after a moment's silence, he looked into the girl's sweet face curiously.

"You are very kind," he said, forcing a smile. "I'm afraid I have made you a good deal of trouble."

"No, no," she cried, eagerly. "I only hope you are not much hurt."

"A little bewildered," he answered.

He shook himself, made an effort to rise, but fell back groaning.

"It's worse than I thought, my sweet little friend. I will be compelled to trouble you still further."

"I will go for help!" cried Rachel, seeing how white he grew.

"Not yet."

Rachel looked anxiously around, very much frightened. Footsteps sounded near, and to her infinite relief she saw Madame Gale rapidly approaching with the water, which she brought in a tin dipper that had hung by the wall.

Madame stopped short when she caught the first glimpse of the face which had been turned from her when she had first peered into the shrubbery at him. She stopped short, and every vestige of color fled from her face, leaving it frightfully pale.

"Colonel Heathcliff!" she stammered.

He stared hard at madame, and muttered a low exclamation.

"This is a surprise," he said, holding out his hand.

Madame Gale did not take it. Her knees knocked together. She crouched on the grass, staring pitifully at the man's handsome face, and began to wring her hands.

He looked puzzled. "I am not a ghost, Madame Gale," he said, trying to speak lightly.

"Why do you glare at me like that?"

The wretched woman murmured some apology. She arose, and stepped close to his side, moving slowly and with difficulty. Her face was still very pale.

"I have brought you water, Colonel Heathcliff," she said, holding the tin dipper to his lips.

"He drank eagerly, then pushed the tin away."

"You are the last person I expected to see here, Madame Gale."

"I live here," she answered, briefly.

"Indeed! I am sure my wife will be delighted to hear it."

Madame started, flushed a little, and answered:

"Mrs. Heathcliff knows it already." Then, bending nearer, she added, abruptly:

"Are you very much hurt?"

"I don't know," meaning in spite of himself.

"That vicious brute did his best to kill me."

"How did it happen?"

"It was some children at play in the lane that frightened the horse, I believe. I was riding very carelessly. At the first bound he gave, the reins were jerked from my hands. Of course I had no control over him afterward."

Madame drew back a little. She was doing her best to appear calm and merely sympathetic. But she looked like a ghost.

"Rachel," she said, sharply, "you must go for help. You and I can do nothing alone. Fetch a carriage and two or three men to help us. Let somebody go for the doctor."

"Yes, madame."

Rachel arose, heaving a long-drawn sigh. She was still under the spell of the stranger's wonderful eyes, so full of soft languor and listlessness. He had just such eyes, such a face, and such a high-bred air as women always rave over.

There must have been a magnetic sympathy between the two, for Colonel Heathcliff raised himself on his elbow, and watched the girl as she tripped lightly away. When she was quite gone from his sight, he fell back, groaning dismally.

"I'm badly hurt," he said. "But I did not wish to frighten that poor child. You won't mind my wailing, Madame Gale?"

He forced a very faint smile to his ashy lips. Madame could not answer. She looked dreadfully scared, and tempted to run away.

After two or three contortions, Colonel Heathcliff seemed to breathe more easily. He wiped the cold damp from his forehead, and said, quite composedly:

"Madame Gale, that girl has interested me. Who is she?"

Madame bit her lip. After a moment's thinking, she answered:

"My adopted daughter, Rachel, Clyde."

He gave a slight start.

"What a creature of mysteries you are!" he exclaimed. "The adoption must have been recent. I never heard of her before."

"No," returned Madame, "it was not recent."

"One of my daughter's friends, I suppose?" she said, speaking with apparent effort.

Rachel started at the sound of that voice. It was a peculiar voice, low, sweet, subtle. Once heard, it could never be forgotten.

Where had Rachel heard it? She knew in an instant. It was the voice of the lady who had been Madame Gale's companion in that moonlight ramble!

A strange horror and dread came over her at the thought. She caught her breath quickly. Some sharp sentence trembled on her lips, but she checked herself, and brought her color back by a powerful effort.

"No," she stammered, faintly. "I do not know your daughter. I came here with Colonel Heathcliff."

The woman started back at these words as if she had been struck. Even her lips grew livid. A dead woman could not have looked more ghastly. She raised one of her jeweled hands, tried to speak, but her voice died away in a husky whisper.

CHAPTER IV.

WAS IT FATE?

At this instant footsteps approached the door. It was opened quickly, and Madame Gale entered.

A moment of breathless silence followed. There must have been strange thoughts in the mind of each of these three, as they stood and stared at each other.

Madame Gale was the first to speak. "She looked anxious and worried."

Rachel followed, watching him with great, wide-open eyes, full of sympathy. It was singular—the interest with which this listless, world-weary man had inspired her! He seemed near to her, somehow, as if they were friends already.

Madame must have read something of all this in the girl's face when she turned, presently, from the task of arranging Colonel Heathcliff comfortably in the carriage, for she caught Rachel's hand and whispered, sharply:

"Come away, child. You can do no more."

She tried to drag the child out of sight. Colonel Heathcliff suspected her purpose, and defeated it. Despite the pain he was in, he looked round quickly and called to her.

"Madame Gale," he pleaded, "let Miss Clyde go with me to Fairlawn."

Madame recoiled a little, caught her breath sharply, and answered:

"Oh, no, no! Not there! Rachel cannot go there."

She looked so pale and shocked and frightened that Colonel Heathcliff could not resist the impulse to say, with a suspicious lifting of his eyebrows:

"And why not, pray?"

The tone—not the question—brought madame to her senses again. She bit her lip viciously.

"Forgive me," she murmured, after a brief pause. "This accident has strangely frustrated me. I hardly know what I say or do. Of course Rachel can accompany you, if you wish it."

"I do wish it, very much."

Madame bowed. She was smiling her best. But she looked ghastly.

"We will both go," she said. "Indeed, it is no more than right. I could not forgive myself, Colonel Heathcliff, for deserting you before becoming aware of the extent of the injuries you have sustained."

The colonel's lip curled.

"You are very kind," he murmured, and with a very expressive glance signed for Rachel to take her place beside him.

She did so, her heart beating very fast and loud. Madame followed her into the carriage, after having given a few hurried words of direction to the driver. A moment later they were en route.

It was a ride Rachel never forgot. She sat between Colonel Heathcliff and madame. The colonel's handsome blue eyes with their dreamy languor scarcely once left her face, but seemed to linger there half greedily, as though he was tasting some forbidden pleasure—mayhap recalling some vanished dream.

Madame sat up very stiff and grim. She did not look at either of the two, but straight before her. Every now and then the muscles about her firm mouth contracted with either fear or pain.

Scarcely a word was spoken. The carriage rolled cityward. Not far, however, Rachel heard a great gate swing open, presently, and the wheels struck upon a gravel drive.

She looked round somewhat curiously. They were passing through handsome and well-kept grounds. Flowers, shrubs, and beautiful trailing vines were to be seen on either hand. At a little distance stood a handsome, imposing mansion, built of dark-gray stone.

This was Fairlawn. Rachel had seen the place before, but she had never passed those ponderous gates, which, to her vivid imagination, had seemed to open into fairyland.

The carriage drew up before a side entrance. Colonel Heathcliff was lifted out and borne up the steps, but not before he had pressed Rachel's hand and whispered, earnestly:

"You will not go away without seeing me again!"

"No," she had answered, quickly, quite unable to resist his pleading glance.

She and Madame Gale were shown into the drawing-room, and left to themselves. Madame seemed unaccountably restless. She could not sit quietly a moment, but began to pace the floor with great strides like a man's, keeping her back turned upon Rachel.

Every now and then she muttered incoherently. It was as if she had when greatly excited. Rachel only caught a word or two of what she was saying. "I knew this would come, sooner or later. God help us all!"

This was the only complete sentence that reached the girl's ears. She sat staring at madame's restless figure, very much frightened and amazed, and on the point of bursting into tears.

At last the woman turned sharply—faced her a moment, glaring at her in a hard, savage way, as if tempted to do something desperate, then went slowly from the room.

Rachel sat quite still, waiting. An interval passed—perhaps five minutes, perhaps fifteen—she felt incapable of measuring time—and then came the sound of rustling silk, and a lady stepped into the room through the low French window opening into the garden.

She stopped short at sight of Rachel's demure little figure, perched in one of the chairs of state that decorated the handsome parlor—stopped, uttered a quick exclamation, and then stood blandly smiling; looking down upon the shrinking girl.

She was a very handsome woman—a sort of middle-aged Cleopatra—with flashing dark eyes, dark hair, a white soft skin, pure and clear as an infant's, and a superb figure.

After a brief pause she moved forward a step or two. Something in the girl's face seemed to strike her attention suddenly. She stared at her fixedly, the rich color slowly ebbing from her cheeks.

"One of my daughter's friends, I suppose?" she said, speaking with apparent effort.

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She did so, her heart beating very fast and loud. Madame followed her into the carriage, after having given a few hurried words of direction to the driver. A moment later they were en route.

It was a ride Rachel never forgot. She sat between Colonel Heathcliff and madame. The colonel's handsome blue eyes with their dreamy languor scarcely once left her face, but seemed to linger there half greedily, as though he was tasting some forbidden pleasure—mayhap recalling some vanished dream.

Madame sat up very stiff and grim. She did not look at either of the two, but straight before her. Every now and then the muscles about her firm mouth contracted with either fear or pain.

Scarcely a word was spoken. The carriage rolled cityward. Not far, however, Rachel heard a great gate swing open, presently, and the wheels struck upon a gravel drive.

She looked round somewhat curiously. They were passing through handsome and well-kept grounds. Flowers, shrubs, and beautiful trailing vines were to be seen on either hand. At a little distance stood a handsome, imposing mansion, built of dark-gray stone.

This was Fairlawn. Rachel had seen the place before, but she had never passed those ponderous gates, which, to her vivid imagination, had seemed to open into fairyland.

The carriage drew up before a side entrance. Colonel Heathcliff was lifted out and borne up the steps, but not before he had pressed Rachel's hand and whispered, earnestly:

"You will not go away without seeing me again!"

"No," she had answered, quickly, quite unable to resist his pleading glance.

She and Madame Gale were shown into the drawing-room, and left to themselves. Madame seemed unaccountably restless. She could not sit quietly a moment, but began to pace the floor with great strides like a man's, keeping her back turned upon Rachel.

Every now and then she muttered incoherently. It was as if she had when greatly excited. Rachel only caught a word or two of what she was saying. "I knew this would come, sooner or later. God help us all!"

This was the only complete sentence that reached the girl's ears. She sat staring at madame's restless figure, very much frightened and amazed, and on the point of bursting into tears.

At last the woman turned sharply—faced her a moment, glaring at her in a hard, savage way, as if tempted to do something desperate, then went slowly from the room.

Rachel sat quite still, waiting. An interval passed—perhaps five minutes, perhaps fifteen—she felt incapable of measuring time—and then came the sound of rustling silk, and a lady stepped into the room through the low French window opening into the garden.

She stopped short at sight of Rachel's demure little figure, perched in one of the chairs of state that decorated the handsome parlor—stopped, uttered a quick exclamation, and then stood blandly smiling; looking down upon the shrinking girl.

She was a very handsome woman—a sort of middle-aged Cleopatra—with flashing dark eyes, dark hair, a white soft skin, pure and clear as an infant's, and a superb figure.

After a brief pause she moved forward a step or two. Something in the girl's face seemed to strike her attention suddenly. She stared at her fixedly, the rich color slowly ebbing from her cheeks.

"One of my daughter's friends, I suppose?" she said, speaking with apparent effort.

"I came in search of you, Mrs. Heathcliff," she said, making a quick sign of caution.

The lady started; a shiver ran over her, and then she seemed to conquer the spell that held her senses in thrall.

"Oh, Agnes!" she shrieked, shaking her clenched hand in madame's face, "you have told that girl everything! You have brought her here to ruin me!"

Madame paled perceptibly, and her stern face grew sterner still.

"Hush!" she cried. "Be quiet! Take care what you say or you will regret it."

"What matters it what I say?" dropping into a chair, and beginning to wring her jeweled hands piteously. "You have betrayed me. I am a ruined woman."

"Fool!" snarled madame, in a savage whisper. "Get up and try to compose yourself. Unless you do, I wash my hands of your affairs from this moment."

Mrs. Heathcliff looked up a little listlessly, and seemed to realize for the first time that her fears might have been premature.

"That girl!" she said, pointing darkly at Rachel, and speaking very low, "I know who she is. She came with my husband. Why was it—answer me that?"

"Do you not know that Colonel Heathcliff has been injured?"

"No," she answered, starting. "I have been walking in the garden. I just came in. Tell me all about it."

He was thrown from his horse. Rachel and I chased to witness the accident. We ran to his relief, and he insisted we should bring him home."

"That is all!"

Madame nodded.

"You have nothing to fear."

The color came slowly back to Mrs. Heathcliff's cheeks. She gave madame one long, sharp glance, and then seemed to be satisfied. Her face resumed its natural expression once more; she even forced a faint smile to her lips.

"My head is in a whirl to-day," she said, turning toward Rachel once more. "I believe I am hysterical. You will forgive any wildness, any rudeness of which I have been guilty."

She said this in a tone of such soft appeal that Rachel, who had stood perplexed and silent, watching this scene with curious eyes, felt her heart melt within her.

"Do not distress yourself, dear lady," she said, eagerly. "And I am sure you have no reason to apologize."

Mrs. Heathcliff thanked her, and rose up feebly and with difficulty, as if she had suddenly grown old.

"I must go to my husband," she said.

"Where have they taken him?"

"To his own room, I believe," answered madame.

She went out without another word. Madame sat very still for some minutes after she was gone. She seemed to be considering with herself. At last she pushed a chair close up to Rachel, and sat down.

"You must think all this is very strange," she said. "I can explain it in two words. Mrs. Heathcliff had a daughter who died, and you resemble her. I noticed the likeness myself. It struck Mrs. Heathcliff so forcibly as to quite unsettle her reason for a few minutes! You understand it all now?"

She paused, waiting for an answer. A swift shudder ran all over the poor girl. She suddenly flung out both her arms and burst into tears.

"Oh, madame, dear madame, for the love of heaven don't deceive me," she cried, hysterically.

Madame started, frowning darkly. She was scarcely prepared for this outbreak.

"Who said I was deceiving you?" she demanded, angrily.

"But you are, madame. I know you are keeping back the truth. There is something I am not to find out. It is cruel, cruel to keep me in this uncertainty."

She grasped Madame Gale's arm, and looked up into those inexorable eyes with an agony of entreaty that would have melted a heart of stone.

(To be continued.)

UNENDING

There is an end to kisses and to sighs, There is an end to laughter and to tears; An end to fair things that delight our eyes, An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears; An end to enemy's foul libeling.

There is no cease to the praise of tender friends, There is an end to all but one sweet thing— To love there is no end.

That warrior carved an empire with his sword— The empire is now but like him—a name; That statesman spoke, and a burning word Kindled a nation's heart into a flame; Now naught is left but ashes, and we bring Our homage to new men, to them we bend; To love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas! There is no cease to the praise of tender friends, There is an end to all but one sweet thing— To love there is no end.

And for ourselves—our father, where is he? Gone, and a memory alone remains; For us, grown old and sad with cares and pains; Brotherless, sisterless our ways we wend To death's dark house, from which we shall not return.

And so we cease; yet one thing hath no end— There is no end to love.

THE GIANT RIFLEMAN

Wild Life in the Lumber Regions.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "SURE-SHOT SETS," "DAKOTA DAN," "RED ROB, THE BOY ROAD-AGENT," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLING WITH THE WAVES.

We left Old Wolverine, the Boe-hunters and the unknown victim of Nattie's rifle struggling in the wild waves at the foot of Spirit Rapids. Every man was compelled to act for himself when he found that life depended upon the most determined efforts.

Frank Ballard did not release the arm that he had seized at the same instant the boat upset—the arm of the struggling being that Nattie's shot had brought down. With that instinct, born of sudden danger, he clung to the arm, scarcely aware of what he was doing; but when he arose to the surface after his plunge into the water, he collected his thoughts and throwing himself upon his back, endeavored to support the struggling form at his side.

"Look out! look out!" yelled old Wolverine, as he rose to the surface; "no bottom here, and water wetter'n Five Point julp. Wool! how you makin' it, boys?"

"I'm coming," answered Ed Mathews; "where are you, Nattie and Frank?"

There was no response. Frank heard the question, but he was too busy to answer, for he had found that the form he supported was that of a woman still possessed of life.

Old Wolverine was an excellent swimmer, and

he at once struck out for land. He landed some forty rods below the rapids, the current having carried him down before he could reach the shore.

"Here, boys," he yelled, "port yer helms and put into the bay over here. Where are you, boys? Are you coming?"

One by his dogs swam ashore, and finally Ed Mathews landed a few paces below. The moment the latter was out of the water he inquired after his friends, for he had seen none of them since the boat upset.

All in but Nattie and Frank," said the wolf-hunter, then he shouted at the top of his lungs to the others. But there was no response save the echoes of his own deep voice; and now, for the first time, old Wolverine became uneasy about his friends.

"Could they both swim, Ed?" he asked.

"Yes; either one of them is a better swimmer than I. Nattie is the best of the three."

"Then I am afraid something has befallen them," Wolverine replied, in a serious tone.

In this he was nearly right; for Nattie, in falling from the boat, had struck his head upon a hidden rock and was partially stunned. Thus, half-unconscious, he was swept away down the river; and while he managed to keep his head above the water, he made no attempt toward getting ashore. With Frank Ballard it was different; clinging to the struggling form of the unknown woman, he began a desperate and heroic effort to reach the shore. He was an excellent swimmer, but with the burden of an almost lifeless form resting upon his arm, it seemed as though his efforts would be in vain.

But he battled with all his strength against the current which bore him rapidly down the stream; and when, at length, the last hope of escaping with his burden had nearly died out, it floated near him, and he caught hold of it.

With this providential support, hope and courage returned; and after a moment's rest he shouted for help. But no answer came back. He was not aware of the length of time he had been in the water, nor of the fact that he had floated over a mile down the stream.

But he battled with all his strength against the young bee-hunter began another struggle, and finally succeeded in reaching the northern shore, and in depositing his burden on the beach.

Then kneeling by the prostrate form, he unlocked the covering about the head and face, and found himself gazing down into the pale face of a beautiful woman. She was young—this he could see in the dim moonlight; but he could not distinguish the outlines of the whole features. Her form was enveloped in a white, grosser rubber cloak.

Frank now found himself in another dilemma. He knew the woman was not dead, but felt satisfied that she had been wounded by Nattie's rifle, and was afraid she might die for want of such assistance as he could not render. If he could only speak, he might ascertain the extent of her injuries. He

Frank Ballard saw that the lumberman and his followers were under the influence of liquor, and he at once became fearful of some insult that would lead to trouble. The hunters were really hoisterous, and in their pretended exuberance acted rudely toward those in whose camp they were unbidden guests.

"By Judas, old Pokoy!" the captain remarked, after it was discovered that the Indians had slain the bear, "I'm glad you fellows floored old Bruin here, for we couldn't hit a better place for a bear-hunters' frolic. Boys, two or three of you slip the hide off that bear, dress up the meat, and we'll have a royal roast. And here, great chief of the Pokewatomies, is a bottle of choice old Burgundy, direct from the distilleries of La Sod Cornus. It hasn't been touched yet, so take off the blossom."

Pokahgan shook his head and declined the proffered bottle, though in a courteous manner. "What?" exclaimed Spencer, "tell me that you—a red-skin—an Injun, don't drink? Pokoy, that's too transparent."

"The fire-water of the pale-face is not good. When it goes in, senses go out—make one a big fool," was the chief's response.

"Whew—eh!" whistled the captain; "hear that, will you? Well, well; the millennium has come—not an Injun here'll take a drink. Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! But, stranger of the white skin, will you not have a drink with me?" "Thank you, I never drink, sir," answered Ballard.

"Well, I'm glad of it—leaves all the more for me. Here, boys, is to your happiness, old Pokoy's joy, and the success of these red-footed-ers," and turning the bottle to his lips, he let its contents gurgle down his throat without once stopping to take breath. His example was immediately followed by his men, each of whom was provided with a bottle of liquor.

The prospect for a drunken carousal now became too certain, and Frank Ballard tried to conceive some plan by which to get Edith and the princess, Summer-Rose, out of danger. He knew the Indians would be unable to restrain the lumbermen from acts of violence, for their force was numerically, the strongest.

In a few minutes the bear had been skinned and cut up into quarters. Each of the hounds was provided with a chunk of meat; then pieces were sliced from the choicest portions of the hind-quarters and placed before the fire on long sticks to roast. Soon the air was filled with the aroma of roasting bear-meat, and it seemed to have appealed to the better nature of the drunken men through a keen appetite, for they became comparatively quiet.

The princess had hid herself in the tent when the hunters came storming into camp, but when she thought all danger was past, she ventured out again. No sooner, however, did Captain Spencer see her than he sprang to her side with an oath of surprise, and throwing his arm about her waist, kissed her before she was scarcely aware of his intention.

"The pale-face captain is not a gentleman," said Pokahgan, indignantly, as he started from his seat, his eyes burning with a fire of resentment for the insult offered his daughter.

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Pokoy?" returned the lumberman, defiantly. "The Pokewatomies are not cowards," the chief answered, his eyes flashing with a fierce determination.

"Neither are we old lumbermen," added Spencer. "You should remember that you are in our camp, and that the red-man treats the white man kindly," responded Pokahgan.

Meanwhile, the princess had darted back into her tent, almost frightened out of her wits. She found Edith trembling in every limb with terror.

"Oh, princess!" she cried, in a subdued tone, "I must flee from here—they will see me!"

"At this very juncture one of the lumbermen advanced to the tent and drawing aside the flap-door looked in upon the women.

"Great shockin'!" he called out, "here's a white gal in here, too; and she's purtier than a plover. I swar she be. I never seed anything to beat her, boys."

"Lead her out! trot her out!" yelled the captain, and his words were repeated by his men.

"Dare to touch her," said a voice behind the intruding lumberman, "and you shall die!" It was the voice of Frank Ballard who spoke thus, for the soul of the young bee-hunter was aroused. A terrible light blazed in his eyes, and his face became blanched with the deadly resolve that took possession of his mind.

In his hand he held an Indian hatchet snatched from the belt of one of the red-men. He was ready to die in defense of the only woman he had ever loved.

The lumbermen, ready for a conflict in which they knew that their superior numbers would give them the advantage, immediately drew their knives and pistols. The Indians, in whom patience and forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, unloosed their hatchets and unsheathed their hunting-knives; and thus in a minute's time twenty men had arrayed themselves in an attitude of deadly hostility.

One of the lumbermen named Kruger, a villainous-looking French-Canadian, and an unerring pistol-shot, drew his revolver and leveled it upon the heart of Frank Ballard. One movement of the young bee-hunter toward the executioner's threat, was to be the signal for Kruger to fire.

The silence of death—the calm preceding the bursting of the storm—settled over the camp. Even the howls, gnawing at the bones of the bear, ceased their moan, as if imbued with the awful spirit of the moment. The ruddy glow of the camp-fire danced and shivered over the motionless forms of the men. Knives in the hands of bearded lumbermen flashed and gleamed in the light. Like tigers ready to leap upon their prey the Indians stood, inclining slightly forward, their eyes fixed upon the forms of the whites as if held there by some horrible fascination.

Calm and erect, and with blazing eyes, Frank Ballard stood ready to bristling, the man who dared to insult Edith, while, cold and determined, Kruger held his revolver upon the breast of the young bee-hunter.

In this position the enemies remained several moments—moments that seemed hours as great was the terrible suspense hanging over the scene.

"Trotter!" Captain Spencer ventured to say, in a measured tone fraught with a tremor, to the man who stood under the hatchet of Ballard, "go in and bring out that white woman."

Trotter glanced around him preparatory to precipitating the conflict. The heart of every man leaped into his throat; the fingers of every man tightened upon his weapon; the sinews in every frame became strung to their highest tension. A quiver seemed to thrill each form that swayed and trembled like a great tree before it loses its balance and goes crashing and thundering to earth.

A moment more would have precipitated the conflict, but before even this time had elapsed, a rifle in the hands of an unseen foe—a foe in the darkness—rang out, and Kruger's hand fell at his side, his head fell upon his breast, his knees gave way, and he sunk down like an ox in the shambles.

A comrade springing to his side and raised his head, but life was already extinct; a bullet through the forehead had killed him instantly.

Captain Spencer turned deathly pale. He put up his pistol and advancing to Kruger's side bent over him and in a husky tone said: "The Unknown Marksman is abroad!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

In making up the yearly statement of the average American this year, it looked as though we were the thinnest, most bilious, dyspeptic people on the face of the globe, when the doctors came upon the tramps, and that rugged, healthy class of the community at once brought the standard of national health up to 82½ per cent. above that of any other nation.

A PICTURE FRAMED IN OAK

BY ANDREW RYAN.

A sweet young face and laughing eyes—Whose liquid blue is that the skies—Wear on a cloudless summer day—Return to-night from out the past—And the old spell around me cast—Like strains of some forgotten lay.

A certain tree, could it but tell—Of what it heard when twilight fell—One summer's eve, long, long ago—Would speak of how it saw us meet—For its garbled roots was e'en the seat—Where vows were made in whispers low.

That same oak, where its branches bend—To kiss the brook and softly lend—Shade scolding to the restless stream—Might to each silent listener tell—Of a green mound adown the dell—The wa'ning from my happy dream.

The lead beyond must well be dear—To pay for all our heart-aches here—Where flowers die before they bloom—Hardly does some lov'd image twine—Round our heart-strings ere we resign—Our idol to the silent tomb.

Silver Sam;

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A COMPLETE SURPRISE.

MONTANA, under the broiling rays of the hot noontday sun, was busily engaged in the mine. Halliwell had taken his gun and strolled off up the gulch intending to try for some game.

He had been gone some time and Montana was expecting each instant to hear his heavy tread coming down the gulch, when the sound of horses' hoofs fell upon his ears; a few seconds after a little squad of soldiers, thirteen in number, a sergeant and twelve privates, came round the bend in the gulch.

The troop came along at a slow trot until they reached Montana's side; then the sergeant gave the command to halt.

"How are ye?" he said, nodding to the miner.

Montana was slightly acquainted with the soldier, who did not bear the best of characters, having been engaged in several disgraceful brawls since his appearance in Deadwood.

"Giving the horses some exercise?" Montana asked.

"No, after deserters; we got wind of a fellow skulking around up in this quarter; seen any one?"

"No one; I rather guess, sergeant, that you're on a false scent. I haven't seen any strangers in these parts for some time."

"I guess the information was all right; the cuss probably keeps himself pretty well hid, and, maybe, is working in some of the mines round here."

"That's possible," Montana admitted, "although I haven't heard of any stranger taking up his quarters round here lately."

"Say, Montana, I've got a little matter that I want to see you about," said the sergeant, dropping his voice mysteriously and urging his horse close to the side of the miner. Then he leaned over in the saddle and brought his mouth close to Montana's ear. "I don't keer about the men hearin' it, 'cos it might git me into trouble if it comes out that I interfered in the matter in any way; but you're a good square man and I want to put you on your guard."

"Well, I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," the miner replied. He guessed what was coming. The major had been threatening him.

"You know that little fuss you had with Major Germaine? Well, he's jes' as savage 'bout it as kin be, and he's going to make it hot for you the very first chance he gets."

"I shall be on my guard."

"And about this here Miss Kirkley," added the sergeant, still more mysteriously, "I kin put you up to a thing or two in that quarter; jes' bend your head over so I kin whisper in your ear."

The miner did so, although he did not believe that the communication would amount to much, yet he was desirous of hearing it, for he wished to know what the gossip of the town said about the matter.

"Well, you know the major is sweet on her, and she is—" the soldier paused, half-straightened himself in the saddle, and Montana naturally lifted his head to see why he paused.

And as he raised his eyes he caught the gleam of a revolver butt coming down impelled by all the force of the sergeant's arm.

Too late to dodge the blow! The ugly stroke took Montana full in the crown and felled him in a twinkling.

Half-stunned he essayed to rise, but the soldiers flinging themselves from their horses grappled with him, and overpowered by superior numbers, his senses dazed too by the terrible blow, he was easily borne over on his back; then they lashed his wrists together with a stout lariat.

"What do you mean by this?" Montana gasped, getting breath at last.

"Didn't I tell you that we were arter deserters?" cried the sergeant, in triumph, "and you're the first one we've fastened to!"

"I'm no deserter!" cried the miner, astonished at the charge.

"Oh, we've got your description all right. Bill Curtan! Cut and run from Fort Laramie eighteen months ago. Oh! you're the man!"

"Where are you going to take me?"

The charge was such a ridiculous one that Montana felt very little anxiety about it; there would be no trouble about proving the mistake when he was brought before the proper officers.

"Now, Mr. Curtan, we'll jes' h'ist you up on one of these horses and then you'll be fixed," the sergeant replied, evading the question.

A stout horse was brought, the miner was mounted on it, and a soldier also bestrode the same beast, sitting behind the prisoner. The sergeant was determined now that the prisoner was secured that he should have no chance to escape.

Then the procession rode off, the sergeant chuckling at the success of the ruse which had delivered stout Montana into his hands with only a semblance of a struggle.

"I told you I'd fix it!" the sergeant muttered, in triumph, to the soldier who rode next to him. "If we had given him a chance to use those fists of his'n, to say nothing of his revolver, he would have given us a heap of trouble. He would have mashed one or two of our crowd sure, and, maybe got away, arter all!"

On his part Montana was really puzzled by the strange affair. Was it a case of mistaken identity? Did the soldier really believe that he was the deserter for whom he was in search or was it a deep-laid plan on the part of the discomfited major to remove him at any cost from his path? But, how could it be effected? He must be tried before the proper board of army officers. Major Germaine could not dis-

pose of the case at his own sweet will. The men of Deadwood, too, were not children to be frightened at a name. They would demand and enforce justice. What then could his enemy gain by this move?

The whole affair was a profound mystery, and the more the miner reflected the more he was puzzled.

He smiled grimly, though, when a twinge of pain in his head recalled now and then the means which had been employed to capture him.

"They were wise," he murmured under his breath; "for I would have damaged some of them before they should have brought me to this, if I had only had half a chance."

And then Montana fell to speculating upon the excitement which his arrival in Deadwood in such a guise would create.

"A circus will be nothing to it!" he decided.

But instead of riding to Deadwood, the sergeant in command of the party knew a trick worth two of that.

The moment he got out of the West Gulch he made a wide sweep to the right, circled around the town, the smoke of whose chimneys could plainly be distinguished, and then took the trail leading southward.

The party did not intend to stop at the fort on the hillside at Deadwood apparently.

"Where are they taking me?" Montana asked of the soldier who rode behind him.

"Fort Laramie, I reckon."

A new idea then took possession of the mind of the miner. To reach Laramie—prove that he had been the victim of an unaccountable mistake, and then return to Deadwood would take some time—a week perhaps.

Was his arrest, then, a device of the major's to remove him from the Black Hills for a time that the soldier might be able to carry out some scheme which his presence would baffle?

It looked like it!

What was to be done? Many miles intervened between Deadwood and the fort or the Laramie plains; hours of riding and of rest lay before the party. Who could tell what might happen before the Black Hills were left behind, and the horses cropped the long, sweet grasses of the Laramie range?

What there was life there was hope!

Straight on the party rode until the sun sunk behind the far western hills, and the shades of evening began to gather thick and fast; then they came to a halt.

They were in the midst of a broad rolling valley, through which ran a little stream; clumps of timber grew here and there.

The command dismounted, prepared supper, then put up the single shelter-tent which they carried, placed the prisoner in it, and made ready for the night.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE TRAPPER ENTRAPPED.

THE sergeant had been extremely careful of his prisoner. He had not suffered the lashing around his wrists to be untied, and after supper had been dispatched, he had taken a second lariat and hopped the legs of Montana together.

The miner had never said a word; the soldiers were treating him as well as they could, consistent with their duty, and they were not to blame for the plight into which an unlucky star had plunged him.

Extended at full length upon the ground within the tent, his head resting upon a saddle, which one of the soldiers had kindly brought him, Montana gave way to reflection.

Checked and bitter had been his lot so far in this world, and he wondered if the future had any brighter days in store for him.

The hours passed slowly away. He could hear the soldiers by their camp-fires, laughing and joking, as one by one they related odd adventures.

"Not a very wise action to kindle a fire for so small a party," thought Montana. "There is no telling who may be near at hand; the Indians have been pretty close in to the town lately, and the odds will smell out a fire like that a dozen miles off."

About ten o'clock the soldiers began to prepare to retire for the night, and the sergeant paid a farewell visit to his prisoner. The soldiers exchanged glances.

"I tell yer, Nick Thompson is about as smart as they make 'em!" one of the men declared.

"He ain't a-goin' to give our bird a chance to slip out of our fingers!"

And indeed it was a reasonable conclusion, for the sergeant was leaving no precaution untaken.

"Well, how are you, comfortable?" the soldier asked, as he entered the tent and sat down on the ground beside Montana.

"Oh, yes, as comfortable as a man could hope to be considering the circumstances," the prisoner replied.

"I'll do all I can for you."

"Much obliged."

"Do you s'pose you kin get out of this hyer scrape when you get to Laramie?"

"No doubt about it."

"Then you ain't the Bill Curtan that run from there a little over a year ago?"

"Oh, no, and I can easily prove it, too."

"How?"

"By the sutler of the fort. I stopped with him for a month about a year and a half ago."

"Well, if you ain't the man, I don't see why Major Germaine was so durned anxious to h'ist you down to Fort Laramie."

"Oh, it was the major then that arranged this affair?"

"Certainly, I didn't know anything about it. He told me that you were a deserter from the United States service, and that I was to take a squad of a dozen men, arrest you—being careful not to give you any chance to knock us into a cocked hat—and run you off to Fort Laramie lastarter; but that arter I got outside of Deadwood, I needn't trouble myself to travel fast, that if I took two weeks to get you to the fort it would be money in my pocket when I got back."

"The whole affair is utterly ridiculous!" Montana exclaimed, impatiently. "Germaine knows well enough that I am no more a deserter than he is, and why he should wish to trump up this absurd accusation is a mystery to me."

"Well, it's pretty plain to me, Cap," the sergeant said, abruptly, "to tell the truth!"

"It is!"

"Sartin! you kin bet all the rocks you got onto it. The major wants you out of Deadwood for a week or two, and, maybe in that time he kin fix some matters which he couldn't do if you were to the fore."

"There may be something in that," Montana observed, thoughtfully.

"Right you are, Cap!" the sergeant averred.

"I'll bet you that's something in it! I'll go six months' pay that if you were back in Deadwood that you would spile some nice little pie that he is cooking up!"

"Perhaps so, but he has the best of it now."

"Say, Cap, how much will it be worth to you to be back in Deadwood?" asked the soldier, lowering his voice so as to be secure from eavesdroppers.

"Eh! I don't exactly understand?"

"Oh, I'm a good, square man, I am!" said the sergeant, impressively, "and a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. The major said that he would make it all right with me if I got you through to Fort Laramie, and took my time about it. Now, how much will you give me if I fix it so that you kin slip out of here and dust back to Deadwood? You'll have your eyes open now and I reckon the major won't try the deserter dodge on you again."

"How can you arrange it?" Montana was just a little suspicious, yet the offer was a very natural one considering the man.

"Easy enough; I'll jes' loosen the lariats so that you kin slip out of them, then I'll take the picket post on the north side of the tent—that's whar the door is—myself. 'Bout midnight when you hear me commence to whistle, 'The girl I left behind me, you'll know that the coast is clear; then you kin jes' slip out of the tent, git past me, I'll be in the bush so as not to see you, and hoof it to Deadwood as fast as you kin. In the morning I'll start the boys on a wrong trail, so that thar won't be any chance of gitting you ag'in. Now what do you say, Cap?"

"I'll give you fifty dollars, all I have with me."

"It's a bargain!" the sergeant replied.

"Put your hand inside my coat; you'll find a secret pocket there with the money in it, and then if I reach Deadwood in safety I'll give you twenty-five more the first time I meet you there."

"All right; it's a go!"

The sergeant loosened himself of the money and then loosened the lariats.

"Now mind, don't stir until you hear me whistle."

"I won't."

"And strike a bee-line right from the door of the tent due north. I'll see that thar sha'n't be any pickets in the way."

"I'll remember."

And then the sergeant withdrew, leaving Montana to his reflections, which were now far from being unpleasant ones.

The door of escape was open and his sudden and unexpected return to Deadwood would completely overturn the wily plans of the major.

Time passed rapidly; the pickets were thrown out for the night; and the rest of the command, stretching themselves out at full length upon the ground with their saddles for pillows, wooed the god of slumber.

And at the midnight hour all was still and quiet.

The moon, rising slowly, lighted the scene, and its broad, bright beams, shining down, fell upon the figure of the sergeant crouched behind a clump of bushes about forty feet from the door of the tent, a cocked revolving carbine grasped in his hand.

"Now I reckon that I'll take that little two hundred dollars that a certain party offered for the death of this hyer Montana!" he muttered.

"The prisoner in attempting to escape was shot dead by a sentinel! That's the ticket! and who's to blame, 'cept the cuss who wouldn't stay whar he was put, I'd like to know! I've posted the pickets away out in the bush so that they won't know anything about it, and I reckon that I kin salivate him at this distance as easy as whistling."

And then, as coolly as though he was not about to commit a red-handed murder, he began to whistle. "The girl I left behind me," the favorite old English marching air.

Montana appeared at the door of the tent.

The sergeant took deliberate aim at the exposed figure, but even as his finger was about to press the trigger, right behind him rung out on the still air the blood-curdling yell of the Sioux warriors, and, startled by the sound, his aim was destroyed and the charge whistled harmlessly over the head of the miner.

And then came the rush of the red braves, led by Sitting Bull in person; the brief and bloody struggle; the slaughter of the entrapped soldiers; and the first man to feel the edge of the reeking scalp-knife was the sergeant, who had so coolly planned the murder of a helpless, trusting man.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

A Match For Him.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

DEACON GRACEY stood before the fire, and punched the glowing coals vigorously—when the deacon was vexed he always did that; by way, I suppose, of satisfying his desire to punch whoever he happened to be vexed with.

This time it was his pretty daughter, Anna, who was making her shining knitting-needles fly faster than her father did the poker, while her bright brown eyes gazed somewhat defiantly at the form of her father, as he stooped over the fire, and her pretty red mouth was compressed with a determined expression.

Deacon Gracey's head was shocky and sandy now, but if one had seen his picture as a young man, it would have shown a dark auburn, which lay in waves like Anna's own, and in the face a strong resemblance to hers.

She resembled him in his strong will, too, and their opinions clashed often more than was agreeable to the gentle mother, who wanted everything to go so smoothly.

This time it was Anna's beau—indeed, her accepted lover, who had once had the father's consent—who was the cause of the trouble.

There was a dance over at Westfield Corners, as it was called, and Anna was determined to go with her lover, Dick Landon, and her father was determined she should go with a city cousin who was visiting them, in their own sleigh.

And if the deacon could have seen a letter from Dick, which was snugly hidden in Anna's pocket, he might have been more determined than all was.

"Father, you never once objected to Dick till you had that dispute with his father about the corner lot," said Anna.

"Maybe not," replied the deacon, straightening up his tall figure; "but I've vowed since to have nothing to do with the whole set of Landons. Like father, like son. Nobody knows how Dick's going to turn out. I've made up my mind I won't have him poking around here any longer."

"But, father, he had your consent once."

"Don't care if you did. I take it back, that's all. Now, there's your cousin Tom wants you as 'bad as Dick does; why can't you take him, like a sensible girl, and be satisfied?"

"Father, nobody thinks much of Tom Wilby but you. I don't believe half the tales he tells about being so well off. I never will marry him, I tell you."

"We'll see about that. As to this dance to-

night, you can either let Tom drive you over, or you stay at home."

It was on Anna's lips to say she would stay at home; but Dick's plans and pleadings spoke for him.

"I'd rather go with Tom than stay at home," she said, quietly.

"Very well, then, you can go," said the deacon.

Anna turned and left the room, but there was something in her air all the morning, which made the deacon very suspicious. So at dinner he remarked:

"I believe I'll ride over to the Corners and see the young people's frolic to-night. I reckon they won't turn me out of church if I don't dance myself, and I haven't seen a young folks' spree these twenty years. Yes, I think I'll saddle old Aleck and ride over."

"Do, uncle! That would be jolly!" said Tom Wilby, while into Anna's face there stole a look of blank consternation, which did not escape the deacon, and he slyly chuckled to himself: "Aha! reckon I've matched 'em this time!"

But Anna's wits were busy, too, while she was helping her mother wash the dinner dishes. Suddenly, as they stood putting away the last shining tin in the tidy pantry, Anna caught her mother by the shoulders, and said: "Mother! I have your consent to marry Dick?"

"Yes, dear daughter. Dick is worthy, we know."

"And you don't want to see me marry Tom?"

"Oh, Anna, I had rather see you dead!"

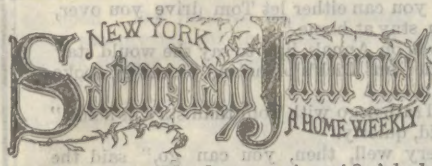
"Well, my dear little mother, I don't think I'll die, and I know I won't marry cousin Tom! But now, mother, I'll tell you a secret. I can trust you?"

"Yes, Anna."

"Well, dear, Dick wrote to me to meet him at the dance to-night. That we would slip away, go over to Westfield Center and get married. What do you say, mother, dear?"

The good little woman began to cry, but she said:

"Do as you please, Anna, I can't blame you. The life your father leads you is pretty hard, I know. But, oh, Anna, your father is going to the Corners!"



Published every Monday morning at 9 o'clock.

NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1877.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canada Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:
 One copy, four months \$1.00
 One year 3.00
 Two copies, one year 5.00

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BEADLE & ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Note From Mr. Aiken.

The following communication from Mr. Albert W. Aiken "tells its own story," and imparts pleasant information to a wide circle of readers:

"DEAR SIR:—Since completing the story 'Injun Dick' I have obtained new and exceedingly interesting matter relating to the career of Dick Talbot—'Injun Dick,' or Cherokee, as he is known in the Shasta region. When I first penned the story of 'Overland Kit,' of which Dick Talbot is the hero, I had but little idea of the intense interest which the character would develop among our reading public. Many, no doubt, suppose that I have drawn largely upon my imagination, and that Talbot is but a creature of fiction, a collage of my own; but, any of the old inhabitants of the mining regions will remember 'Cherokee.'

"In any other land but this strange, wild West of ours such a man would simply be an impossibility, but here he is a natural product of the situation, and a sort of corollary of its civilization."

"The new story of Talbot's adventures after his supposed death on the summit of Mount Shasta—the first attempt at cremation, by the way, on record in this land of the Occident—is now in my hands, and I trust that the readers of the JOURNAL will be glad to read it as I was to pen it, for it has been truly a labor of love."

"For the past three years my pen has not done its accustomed work, but in the future I hope to make amends."

"In the new story Joe Powers lives again, as fat and ridiculous as ever; Mud Turtle, the chief; the team from Red-Dog; Yuba Bill and other noteworthy personages of the Talbot series also reappear, and in the road-agent band of 'Captain Death' I have described a gang which was at one time the terror of the whole Shasta region."

"Yours, in haste,
 "ALBERT W. AIKEN."
 "ROSE RANCH, May 10th, 1877."

The new story commences in No. 380 of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. Regular readers, to make sure of securing their papers, should lay an order with their newsdealer to lay aside each number for them. The demand for the story will, doubtless, quickly exhaust the first supplies of the news-agents who fail to be prepared for "a rush."

In answer to frequent inquiries regarding the republication in the paper, or in book form, of certain popular stories, we answer, generally, that, as we are crowded with new stories, reproduction of serials is almost impossible, so far as the paper is concerned; and the only thing left is to put the story in some one of our several series of novels for which it is best fitted. This is, however, not always feasible, and therefore many a good romance, when it runs out of print in the paper, must remain out of print. Where the work has an interest that almost compels the publisher to keep it in print, it is assigned, sooner or later, to its proper book-form issue, and this alone has directed the selection of the JOURNAL stories we have put in book form, as it must continue to direct us. We cannot promise to reproduce any given story, and must give a peremptory No! to any resumption of many fine things; hence, the only way to secure any particular novel is to take it in the paper, as it is published, or to order a full set of the papers soon after its completion as a serial in the JOURNAL.

Sunshine Papers.

Decoration Day.

DECORATION DAY. Such a prettily named holiday, but one so potent to unvail creeping pictures in many hearts, and awaken a deathless grief. This last among the spring-tide days, May's gladiolus and sweetest garlands cannot redeem from an atmosphere of tender sorrow.

New Year Day comes with glad peering of bells, and joyous rounds of visits, and merry music of talk and laughter. The twenty-second of February dawns midst the thunder of cannon, and floats to its death on strains of martial music. Banners kiss the winds, and soldiers parade, proudly, in honorable memory of the great general and ruler whom every American heart cherishes with loving veneration. Easter is flushed with flowers and hallowed of thousand of reverent hearts. And then this thirtieth of May approaches. Again the flags flutter against the azure heavens; again martial music echoes on the soft spring air; again a day is flushed with blossoms. Crowds hurry to and fro along the streets. The holiday garb is noticeable everywhere; but the faces of men and women have a look upon them of having been brought face to face with some great past sadness. Soldiers hasten to appointed places of rendezvous, or march along the avenues to slow, stately music, their mien, to-day, strangely grave; their thoughts are of other marches, and other music. Only little children are glad and jubilant under the blue May skies, in the balmy May air; and birds trill and carol, and flowers flash and spill trails of perfume everywhere.

But the throngs move with strange unanimity for a holiday, and their steps are bended toward quiet, sacred spots. They cluster about these carved forms of America's noblest patriots, and lo! how they do them homage! The stone pedestals are upraised from beds of verdant moss, starred and garlanded with a wealth of floral treasure. The Red, White and Blue of our national ensign

is mingled with mother earth's sweetest offerings, to decorate the sculptured forms of the Father and the Savior, and the multitude approve the tribute of affection. But presently they move on—to where?

"Lieeth a village white and still;
 All about it the forest-trees
 Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
 O'er its fading shadows go
 Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
 And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
 Grow by the side of every stream.
 In that village, on the hill,
 Never is sound of wheel or mill.
 The houses are thatched with grass and
 flowers."

Never a clock to tell the hours;
 The marble doors are always shut;
 You may not enter at hall or hut;
 All the village both asleep;
 Never a grain to sow or reap;
 Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
 Silent, and idle, and low they lie."

Why seek the people and the soldiery this silent, sad place? Oh! this is Decoration Day, a festival of flowers, but of flowers offered upon the graves of the loved, the noble dead. A festival of flowers, but a day of mourning; and in our mourning the nation's heart is yearly reunited. To-day the little starry banner, and the snowy sweet wreath, lie alike on the grave of him who fought in blue uniform and gray. To-day we forget causes; we only remember the morn when our loved ones gathered us for the last time in their arms, and then marched away to die that noblest of all deaths—the patriot's at his post of duty. To-day we rifle our gardens and our shrubberies, our conservatories and our windows, of every bud and blossom, thinking erewhile of those awful, feverish, cruel days when our fathers, and sons, and brothers, and husbands, and lovers, fought under the fiery suns of noon, and rested at night under the broad mantle of the starry heavens; when every footstep at the door, and every shout along the street, stirred the beating of our hearts with awful fear of ill tidings from the camp; when daily some home was draped in solemn black, and other gallant lives went marching "to the front."

Is it not meet that we place each year the fairest of earth's offerings above the resting-places of those who loved us and their country? Is it not well that we draw aside the curtains of this olden sorrow, sometimes, and so keep it fair as well as sacred? Spare not the flowers; forget not Decoration Day. Let us gather again in the silent marble cities, by every hero's grave—named and nameless—and make it a shrine whereon to offer unalterable remembrance and honor to those whose lives went out in those fateful years that are stamped blackly in our most hearts.

"A PARSON'S DAUGHTER."
 "OVER TO MOTHER'S."

In the first place I am a firm believer in the old adage, homely though it be, of
 "My son, my son, till he gets to be a wife,
 But my daughter's my daughter all the days of her life."

Mind you, I will not, acknowledge that the affection between mother and son is less strong than that between mother and daughter, because that would be far from the truth; but business, with its manifold cares, engrosses the son's time, and attention, and he is not able to see to mother, while the daughter has more time, and it's so handy to run over to mother's. The two have thoughts in common—they can enjoy each other's enjoyments, and sympathize with each other's griefs and troubles; they are both women, and the tie that binds them together is a strong one.

If little Charley is weak, run over to mother's and get her advice as to the best remedy, for, as she has brought up a large family of children, she will know just what to do and how to do it.

Perhaps when things go wrong at home, and John is cross and Jane peevish—for little difficulties will creep into all married lives—is it not a relief to go over to mother's and "have a good cry?"

If the mother be true-hearted one, and one who remembers the hickories of her own early married life, she will do all she can to heal the sore, and calm the little tempest brewing, and save things from going to ruin. Mother may be sick, may be busy, may feel lonely, and there may be a thousand and one little excuses that will take one over to mother's—and then one doesn't need any excuse at all—so for pleasure, so from duty, it matters not what the excuse, but it is over to mother's all the same.

Away down East in the large and well-provided household, there dwelt a family of good-souled, open-hearted beings. As the youngsters grew up, they married—a natural consequence—and all went away but one daughter, and I think that she was the happiest of the family of children; for, though she had not married as well as her sisters, she had the pleasure of going over to mother's as often as she wished.

And she never went home empty-handed, for mother always found her some new-made cake, or nice preserves, and often times a finely cooked chicken. Not a word was said to "father," for he might have thought, "as his daughter was married, her husband was the one to see to her support." But Andrew doesn't know how hard it is for some young married couples to get along, and every little helps.

When I was newly married I was always glad of such things, so you just take them along, for I have all that I need."

Doesn't that sound just "motherly," and don't you suppose those same edibles tasted sweeter for being prepared by mother's own hands?

The father loved his daughter just as well as the mother did, but the latter had more chance to show that love.

When daughters marry the mother does not forget that these daughters were children once, but they do forget their childish foibles and follies, or at least overlook them, and do all in their power to cause the waters of this life to be less troubled. When one has been over to mother's she feels better and more contented with her lot.

But when the time comes, and mother has left us for a brighter shore, and we cannot go to her with our troubles and grievances, cannot go to her for words of cheer and comfort, cannot listen to the advice we long to listen to—then comes the aching void. Life seems dull and cheerless enough to us. Why should the sun shine when our light is taken from us? Why should others rejoice while we lament and why should such selfish mortals as we are, we would hold the dear ones always with us and keep them from their reward? We would deprive them of the rest they need, and which they cannot have this side of heaven.

Then, while you have a mother, value her as your dearest earthly friend. Don't mind if the world calls this love weakness or a dependence, which it is not.

And to write about this mother's love can

never be misapprehended, nor can it be written about too much. Let us all so live that we may become worthy of that mother love, that her guardian spirit may watch over us and lead us in the path of right. And when we come to die to follow her to the land of the angels, we may not look as though we were about to take a long journey, but only just going "over to mother's."

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Revolutionary Relics.

THE Whitehorns were all survivors of the Revolution, in which they took a big part, and I am proud to say that if it had not been for them the Revolution would not have been half the thing that it was—not half.

They left their plows in the field—as they had such a habit of doing, and drew their swords and salaries in defense of the land they loved and honored.

Their daring deeds and exploits are to be found recorded in all good histories, though I must say they figure under assumed names, as their modesty was off the same piece as their bravery.

I can never read of their daring without a warm feeling in my heart, and specs on my eyes. They swept down like sheep on the fold, and carried terror with them wherever they went; they were always full of it, as the official reports of the generals declare.

To perpetuate the memory of that great Revolt I have a cabinet full of relics of my revolting forefathers which I keep with sacred care, and look at when I feel my love of country, in a measure, on the decline.

Here we see a boot and a shoe which one of them wore at the battle of Brandywine, very unfortunately; for I find in the records of the family that his statement for running away was that the shoe wanted to go forward, but the boot wanted to go backward, and carried the shoe and my ancestral warrior with it, much to his chagrin—and safety.

Here we have a continental coat with bullet-holes in the breast and back, showing that a musket-ball had passed clear through. This coat the owner brought home from a battle and proudly exhibited to his neighbors, but as he could not show a corresponding wound on his breast, his statement that he was wearing the coat at the time was taken with a full degree of allowance by persons who were disposed to be too incredulous to live.

In this corner is Major Whitehorn's medicine chest, which he always carried with him in case of sickness. On the bottles you still read the labels, "Brand D," "Sham Pain," "Whisk E," "Bee Bone," "M. Julep," "Pay Lail," "Ap L. Jack," "Cherub Ounce," "O. Dry," "Morris-Gaily," "Tan Z," and various other medicinal names well known in Pharmacy even to this day.

Here is a coat belonging to Captain Whitehorn, who, once in the confusion of battle, charged single-handed on the British, but discovered his mistake and rectified it. An English cavalryman, after an exciting chase, got close enough to him to cut off both the tails at one fell swoop, but did not cut off his retreat.

There hangs the sword with which a patriotic ancestor cut off several heads during the war, but as the records fail to say distinctly whether they were British heads, cabbage-heads, or chicken's heads, some enemies of our family are inclined to look upon the story factiously.

Here is the memorandum book of Shorty Whitehorn, the renowned hero of many charges which he survived. He gloriously served his country as a sutler during the war, and it is truly recorded of him that his sugar was not all sand, that his roasted split beans had some grains of coffee in, and that no soldier had to take a drink of water after drinking his liquors, as he saved them that trouble by putting the water in before, and he never charged more than three prices for anything—he said so himself.

Amidst Whitehorn, who was a captain, never left the field during the battle of Monmouth, or chicken's heads, some enemies of our family are inclined to look upon the story factiously.

This musket was carried all through the war by a Whitehorn sergeant. He had it bent zigzag on purpose, so the ball would take a zigzag course and be sure to hit somebody or several of them. The lock becoming out of order he replaced it with a spring door-lock, as you see.

Here is a coat worn by Nicodemus Whitehorn, so full of holes that there is not room enough to put another one in, and you would have to paste one on. These holes he always affirmed were shot in during the war. What is the most remarkable is that he was a very healthy man and was never sick in his life.

These buckskin knee-breeches belonged to a very remote relative of the family, and who was the only connection who was shot in the war. He was shot while gallantly serving his beloved country as a deserter.

Those cavalry boots standing over there belonged to a General Whitehorn. You might mistake them for wardrobe. You can imagine that he stood on a good war-footing. His father owned a tanyard in Jersey, and a large stock of leather. It is said he never retreated because his feet were so big he couldn't run. When he got in the midst of the enemy and began kicking shins he played small with them. They never allowed him to get in the rear of them. When the balls flew thick he would lie on his back, feet to the foe, and the boots afforded a good breastwork.

Here is the saddle Col. John Whitehorn rode upon in his retreat from the battle of Yorktown—having mistaken the call to charge for the call to fall back; he fell back but was not shot. He came off without a scratch, and in that far better on the battlefield than he did at home, so the chronicles relate. He is said to have been always in front of his men—in a retreat, and an excellent horseman.

You see here the saber of Lieutenant Jake Whitehorn. The chronicles give a glowing description of how that glittering weapon flashed in the air in the very thickest of a dress parade. A British officer borrowed it of him during the battle of White Plains, and the British, in consideration of the gift, took him to board until the close of the war.

This is Captain Sam Whitehorn's hat which either went through the war or the war went through it; from its appearance the latter seems most likely. He was death on British and chickens, and during the battle of Trenton was commissioned to return home. His comrades regretted his departure, and escorted him out of camp with drums and fifes, playing a celebrated march in a feeble manner.

This is the canteen of my venerable grandfather who was a private in the first rank. What patriotic associations cluster around this

ancient receptacle! The cork is entirely worn out, and an inch of the nozzle worn off. In going into battle he always filled it with forty rounds of ammunition, and he stayed as long as it lasted. Precious relic!

It is empty now!

But the spirit of '76 overcomes me like the spirit of '73 and '80. Let us close the door.

Thoughtfully yours,
 WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—THE West Point graduates this year will number seventy-seven—the largest class on record.

—The complaint against the new steam street cars in Philadelphia is not that they are noisy, but that they run so quietly that pedestrians are endangered.

—The "Big Bonanza" yielded \$30,108,958 gold and \$25,700,682 silver from its discovery to September 30, 1876. In this deposit the usual preponderance of gold over silver is reversed.

—Germany furnishes annually 120,000 fox skins, 200,000 pine martens, 60,000 stone martens, 280,000 pole-cats, 8,000 others, 8,000 badgers, and 60,000 hare-skins. In rabbit skins she sends out only 300,000, to France's 6,000,000. The list closes with 400,000 domestic cat-skins.

—Princeton College is fitting out an expedition for scientific research, probably in the comparatively unknown region of the Green River Valley, in Wyoming Territory. Fifteen students, two professors, and the necessary attendants will go about June 30, and stay some three months at least.

—Two grammar school students in New Haven, Ct., who had never seen Bell's telephone, have constructed two instruments according to a description given them. They work successfully, and the makers shout, sing and whistle to one another through them from the residence of one to the other to their hearts' content.

—The great gold mine of Los Christies, at Cauquenas, in Chili, which has been lost for forty years, has been found by three Englishmen. The mine is situated at a time when the Chilians were shooting each other and trying to overturn the government. It then filled up with water, and an avalanche slid into and over it, and confounded all the geographers for forty years in regard to its whereabouts. Now that it has been found, it will be worked again by English capital.

—Plus IX, sleeps in one of the smallest of the 11,000 rooms at his command. A narrow, humble bed, without curtains or drapery—something similar to those used in seminaries for school-boys—a sofa, two or three common chairs, and a writing table, are all the articles of furniture. There is not even a rug by the bedside to cover the floor of red tiles, not in the best repair. Winter and summer alike, the Pope gets up soon after five o'clock.

—The Connecticut Valley seed-leaf tobacco of the 1876 crop has been substantially sold, because of the practical failure of the Pennsylvania crop. The seed-leaf tobacco of the Connecticut Valley is a fine quality, and is sold at a high price. The seed-leaf tobacco of the Connecticut Valley is a fine quality, and is sold at a high price.

—The curious submerged forest at Jennes's Beach, N. H., from which the sand has recently been worn away by the action of the recent storms, presents just now a singular appearance. Huge stumps and logs cover the beach at low tide, some of the logs being over four feet in diameter. When cut into, though they appear discolored to the depth of two inches or thereabouts, the wood, at a greater depth, is as sound and fresh as that of any living tree. The stumps and logs sometimes remain covered for ten years, and then exposed by the action of some heavy storm. They have apparently been exposed to the action of the sea for many centuries.

—The Berlin gorilla is going to London for a short season. His name is Pongo, and he is the only gentleman of his race in Europe. His education has been completed at the Berlin Aquarium. He drinks claret and water, turns hand-springs, swings on a trapeze, drums on the floor, and behaves like a gentleman. His manners are very graceful, especially when he has occasion to drink wine with his little cousin the chimpanzee. Pongo looks like a little colored boy, and his hands are quite soft and pretty.

—The Chinese quarter of San Francisco has its Theodore Thomas in the person of Lee Tom, who is organizing a mammoth orchestra. The instruments used are the Chinese fiddle, the devil's banjo, the tabor, the tom-tom, and the gong. A reporter of The Chronicle, who was invited to attend one of the preliminary rehearsals, states that the fiddles and banjos first played a waltz, then a march, and then a waltz. The reporter adds that the swell of the tom-toms was simply terrific, compared with which the wildest passages of Wagner's "Lohengrin" would have been as an infant's lullaby.

—Land and Water relates the following concerning a remarkable battle, lasting for sixteen hours, between a plucky sportsman and an obdurate salmon, before the latter was conquered. "On Friday, at 4 p.m., Mr. Crawshaw hooked a fish below Houghton Castle, but did not land him till Saturday morning, the 24th ult., at 5 A.M. Immediately after being hooked, the fish went down the river, taking out upward of one hundred yards of line. The water being strong and the fish determined, it was impossible to get him back. A wood by the water side made it equally impossible for Mr. Crawshaw to follow his fish, and so things remained until a boat was brought at daylight next morning, from some distance, by which means the wood was passed and the fish at last landed on a gravel bed, in the presence of many spectators, some of whom had passed the night with the angler. The fish was a splendid male, forty inches long, and twenty-two inches girth; weight 25½ pounds.

—Advices from different parts of the country state that the seventeen-year locusts are already appearing in large numbers. In 1860 they did not come until June, but they remained until autumn. In the vicinity of Greenbush, and other places in the south part of the country, they are increasing in numbers daily, and the well-remembered din made by the wings or vocal organs of the insects in 1860 is heard on every side. The locust first makes its appearance in a large grub, coming out of the ground backward. Its wings soon unfold, when it at once attacks the nearest tree. The ravages of the seventeen-year locust are confined entirely to the trees. They make deep grooves the entire length of the smaller branches and twigs, which soon cause the foliage to die and turn yellow. The locust is over an inch long, and is a formidable-looking insect. It has no resemblance to the grasshopper locust, but looks more like a huge beetle. The back of its head bears marks that form a plain letter W. This is the third time the seventeen-year locusts have been known to make their appearance in this country; in 1843, 1860, and the present year. They were so thick in the first-mentioned year that they were destroyed and hauled away by the bushel by farmers and others, who thrashed the trees. From all appearances they will be very numerous this year.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "How it Came About," "Mamie," "A Spirit of Wood," "The Well Spent Shilling," "A Pair of Gloves," "The Last Ten-Strike," "Keep Your Nails Short," "Quickdraw," "Keep Your Nails Short," "A Pretty Fraud," "The Outlaw's Wife," "The Sweetest Thought," "A Benison," "A Match For Him," "The Boy Scout's Adventure," "Dick Larkin's Yarn," "A Pickpocket," "For Her," "Apathy," "Change of Time."

J. A. B. Stop taking sulphur to "cleanse your blood," and as to diet consult a good physician. Your stomach alone is the source of trouble, we should say.

CONSTANT READER. Use your own liniment, or bathe your face nightly in carbolic acid and glycerine. Avoid all greasy food or hot bread.

VELVET HANG. We require a perfect piece of copy. If a writer cannot punctuate he is not qualified. A knowledge of grammar is not hard to obtain. Take lessons if you can of some tutor.

MAJOR AND MOLLY. The newest kid gloves for full-dress occasions are laced or buttoned up on the outside of the arm. The prices are for three butyons \$3.00 and an increase of fifty cents for every additional button. Three-button gloves are preferred for the street and four for evening.

JUSTICE writes to say that the N. Y. Dispatch quotes from our columns Eben K. Rexford's "Friends of Long Ago," but gives no credit. Our contemporary evidently has great taste in selection, but what can be said of the justice of denying all credit?—Mr. Rexford is yet but a young man.

HARRY JACK. Have serials in hand by both authors but can indicate no date for their issue. We choose, all the time, from a surfeit of good things. Our list of authors is one of admitted superiority. Ventriloquists can be acquired, and a good one is a natural, not an acquired, faculty of speech. Many persons possess the faculty without being aware of it.

M. P. It is quite impossible to advise particularly. The fact is, that in any court of law, if you quick release from the marital bond, which step we presume you will be called upon to take, the absence of a friend, and the absence of a friend, will be regretted. Judging from all you state we should think the safest counsel would be that of your mother. Why not take her into your confidence at once? You must act promptly.

G. G. We know nothing as to the responsibility of the "Standard Silverware Co., 14 Maiden Lane, N. Y." Union Silver Plating Co., Cincinnati, O." W. W. Bostwick & Co., Cincinnati, O." "Christ in the Temple," etc., etc. They are advertisers with whom we have no relations whatever. Any reader not securing what has been promised by the advertisement must look to the advertiser, of course. A daily or weekly paper that indorses the offers or promises of advertisers would be a curiosity in journalism.

H. H. H. H. The "Greatest event in English History" is about as hard to determine as to say who is the homeliest man in America. We should say that the birth of Shakespeare was the most gratifying event, and that Shakespeare was the "greatest character or personage." As to preachers, Wesley preached with most success. Among statesmen the Earl of Chatham (William Pitt) was the greatest. Of orators you can choose between Canning, Burke, Fox and Brogham, etc., etc.

MYNNE S. D. says: "A lady friend and I want the company of a young gentleman who is advanced in years. Can you help us to make his acquaintance, and get his attention, in a proper manner? If you have a friend who is acquainted with the gentleman in question, you may assist us in our endeavor. Perhaps, then, by your pleasant manners, you may quite fascinate the gentleman into paying you the attentions you may desire. We suggest no other ladylike and proper way of gaining a gentleman's acquaintance and attention."

O. H. N. M. S. as you see, is unavailable. We cannot find the time, nor is it our duty to "give a criticism on the manuscript" or "point out its shortcomings." Editors are not special instructors to aspirants for literary honors and rewards. One thing we may hint; never put words in print. Better avoid their very suggestion by a dash. We always exclude them. And as for grandiloquent phrases—first of all, avoid them. Unusual words—leave all that for greenhouse or spoonies. Stick to good, sound, terse, direct phrase.

ASTORLORE NED. The Carnival in Catholic countries is a week of merry-making, ending the great Lenten fast of forty days. Its introduction here long after Lent is simply an absurd revelry with no significance whatever. But the Kansas parentage—his father having been killed in the old "Kansas Border War." The boy became a scout and guide at an early day. He killed his first Indian when he was but thirteen years of age. He was a Pony Express rider at seventeen and performed many daring exploits. He won the sash of "Buffalo Bill" by killing a bear in the working parties during the Pacific railway construction.

MAMIE. You are quite in the wrong; there are no occasions when a person is excusable for a neglect of polite behavior. It is just as much your duty to "give a criticism on the manuscript" or "point out its shortcomings." Editors are not special instructors to aspirants for literary honors and rewards. One thing we may hint; never put words in print. Better avoid their very suggestion by a dash. We always exclude them. And as for grandiloquent phrases—first of all, avoid them. Unusual words—leave all that for greenhouse or spoonies. Stick to good, sound, terse, direct phrase.

ANT-LOVER asks: "Is there no way by which the beauty of special gowns in the winter can be preserved for a continued length of time? Yes. We have seen one of the loveliest pictures in an elegant parlor, composed of pressed autumn leaves and ferns. The picture was of twenty-four inches in size, and composed of two sprays of pressed and varnished autumn leaves, bright maple-leaves, and holly, and a couple of pressed buttercups, arranged gracefully upon a background of black cardboard; it was a black and gilt framed mat, and the frame was of ebony and gilt. Still another arrangement may be passed-partout, which, with the necessary mat, will cost but seventy-five cents. The black cardboard is twenty-five inches square, and your hand at this new art-work and you will be astonished at the exquisite results that may be attained at slight trouble and expense."

ELIOS writes: "Will you tell me how I can have a black silk dress made so that it will do to wear to two receptions, and yet be used as a street suit?" Combine with your silk two or three yards of velvet. Make the skirt to train some six or eight inches long and an inch apart, and bind the skirt with silk. Run through a neatly-finished shawl of velvet. Make plain currais basque with a knitted yoke and velvet sleeves. Below the yoke, down the center of the back and each side of the bodice, have eyeleted pieces of the silk and velvet of black silk, contrasting in color with the velvet. Finish the upper outer edge of the sleeves similarly. Under these lacings you can easily slip blue, or cardinal, or corn-colored ribbons, changing the color you wear at pleasure, without the trouble when desiring to wear the suit, unloosened, in the street.

L. C. says: "I have a beautiful, accomplished girl, and we were to be married this winter. But my expectations that the wedding will soon be. But my sister thinks she is vain, conceited and extravagant, and seems to object to a consummation of our betrothal. They want me to wait. I don't know how I should act. They are older than I, but I fear they are a little prejudiced, though they have been very fond of my off-indeed until they found I anticipated a speedy marriage. I've been engaged a year, and the young lady and her friends expect me to marry her this winter, and I am sure I wish to, badly enough. At the same time I do not want to displease my sisters, nor grieve my betrothed, so what shall I do?" Act like a man! If you love the girl, and wish to marry her, do so at the appointed time. It is not your sister's business. You are sorry for your intended. If you are going to be the tool of your sisters always. When a man and woman love each other, no one else has any right to seek to make trouble between them.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

A MEMENTO.

BY S. M. FRAZIER.

In a long-neglected packet,
Rolled up and sealed with care,
I found it, a withered rosebud,
And a curl of golden hair.
I turned it over and over,
As oft I had done before,
Memory taking me back again
To the days that are no more.

I dreamed of a golden autumn
In that misty far away,
When Love's young dream, awaking,
Gilded each happy day.
With the crushed and battered rosebud,
Some fragrance still remains,
Though hands which plucked it for me,
Severed our silken chains.

All through the sad and weary days
I dreamed of a joyous time—
A presence came before me,
A vision of olden time.
Then came a girl, bright,
With billows of floating hair,
A beautiful face above me—
An angel over my chair.

She brought a fragrance of roses,
Of lilacs and mignonette,
And a voice of silvan music
With eyes I shall never forget.
Like a flood of purple sunset,
Their brilliant glory came,
And the flowing, golden tresses
Shimmered like threads of flame.

I saw it all in a moment,
While I held the packet there,
And as the vision faded,
Another one appeared.
"Oh, whence this little tuft of hair?"
Struck my astonished ears.
"Tis all I've left of old Joe,"
Faithful so many years!"

The Pink Rosebuds.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

FROM down-stairs the strains of Strauss' Autograph Waltzes were coming up in soft entrancing swells of melody. From outside the cool evening ocean breeze was blowing gently in the windows of Nellie Penwyn's room, joining its life-giving saltiness of flavor with the delicate perfume from a basket of rare flowers that stood on the table between the open windows.

Before her dressing-case Miss Penwyn was adjusting her wide gold bracelets, that fitted so perfectly, and set off so exquisitely her fair white arms. She had dismissed her maid just a moment before that she might once more read in privacy the note she had written to send to Sydney Howe—the answer her fair hands had so gladly penned, to tell him that she loved him as she loved her very own.

It was a charming little confession, Nellie had written—sweet enough to have enraptured any lover, and her heart thrilled and throbbed anew as she read it finally before the sealing.

"DEAR MR. HOWE," she had written, in her firm, graceful hand, "I wish I might tell you how happy you have made me—I will tell you when we meet to-night in the dance, but I am sure you will be just as you wish, and I am so proud and glad to say so. If you will be pleased with this answer I have sent, let me know it. The moment I enter the ball-room by seeing in your coat the rosebud I send you. If I should not see it, I shall know you have regretted the letter you sent me. Truly,"

"NELLIE."

Her cheeks were flushing deliciously as she lightly sealed this modest, graceful little love note, and placed it in a little box where lay a half-blown pink rosebud and its spray of leaves, then tied a tiny white ribbon around the box.

Then she sat down in the dim twilight she made by turning down her light—such a fair, lovely picture, with her exquisite *petite* form draped artistically in rose-pink silk, beneath white silver-starred tulle, with her bright, blonde hair puffed and crimped above her white forehead, and drooping low on her neck.

She was certainly passing fair, and other men than Sydney Howe had felt their hearts thrill at sight of her—other men than he had longed to bow worshiping at the shrine of her beauty and grace and sweetness.

And she had been not a little of a coquette—Vane Vandeleur, walking impatiently up and down the piazza, waiting for Miss Penwyn to bestow the laughing light of a blue eye on him, could have told you how Nellie's arch, bewitching ways had played such havoc with him that he was hourly growing more jealous of her. But for all her coquetry, Nellie had never swerved from her allegiance, in her heart of hearts, to Sydney Howe, who, to-night, had offered her his love, his hand, his name.

He was a splendid fellow, of a grand old family—traveled, educated, refined, fine looking—a thorough-going gentleman, whom women never failed to admire, and who, intimately knowing, invariably gave him their best friendship.

And he had selected gay little Nell Penwyn for the keeper of his happiness, and had made her very blissfully happy; and now, at the very moment when Nellie was sitting in the dusk of her room, looking out on the restless Atlantic waves, while Vane Vandeleur was impatiently waiting below for Nellie to come down, while the music was pulsing in soft thrills of ecstatic melody, Sydney Howe was pacing up and down his elegant suite of rooms in the same hotel, waiting for the verdict from Nellie Penwyn's fair lips.

And while he was waiting there, in mingled hope and dread, as lovers wait, Nellie's maid was hurrying through the corridors toward Mr. Howe's room, freighted with the precious burden.

Vane Vandeleur suddenly stepped in front of her—his quick eyes having seen the tiny, white-ribboned box, so suggestive of its contents to such a keenly jealous mind as his.

"Annette, my girl, good-evening. I suppose Miss Penwyn is almost ready to appear! Ah! how fortunate, I came across you. I can relieve you of your errand, as I am on my way to Mr. Howe's rooms."

His quick eyes had seen the dainty superscription on the box cover, in Nellie's unmistakable handwriting.

Annette was pretty, vain, unprincipled, and French, and new to her mistress' employ, and there can be no doubt she perfectly well knew the five-dollar bill Mr. Vandeleur pressed into her hand as he gently took the box holding her silence and discretion.

So the treacherous little black-eyed lady's maid went leisurely back to Miss Penwyn, with delightful visions of the new ribbons and jaunty hose and dainty pair of slippers her five-dollar note would buy her—and unhesitatingly told her mistress of the safe personal delivery of the box.

While Vane Vandeleur, inside his own locked doors, deliberately opened the love-souvenir, and coolly read the missive never intended for his eyes, and then—in almost a frenzy of jealous fury crushed the fragrant pink-petaled rosebud beneath his heel.

"He shall never win her, if cunning and finesse can prevent it! Pink buds!—ah-ha, my fine, self-important Mr. Sydney Howe, it will

require even more than your cool shrewdness to get the best of me—a man who is as desperately enraptured with the fair Nell as yourself! Pink buds! I am sure afraid Miss Nellie will not see the beautiful little pink bud in your buttonhole to-night!"

He carefully folded the letter up and replaced it in the box. Then he took from a bouquet in a vase on his dressing-bureau a lovely spray of small white roses and pallid green leaves, and inclosed them in the box, retied it, and gave a passing servant a quarter to carry it to Mr. Howe.

Then he selected a companion spray and left a card to it that Sydney Howe had lying at his door that morning, sent it to one of the belles of the hotel, Miss Meredith, whose penchant for Mr. Howe was only equalled by her haughty reticence on which Vandeleur felt so sure he could depend—a reserve that would keep her from ever questioning Mr. Howe about his supposed gift.

This done, Vandeleur took up his station in the ball-room, where he could watch the result of his deep scheming, where he could note Nellie Penwyn's surprise and distress when she saw no pink rose in his buttonhole, and her indignation and wrath of jealousy when she saw—as he intended she should see—the companion sprays that Sydney Howe and Miss Meredith wore.

It was not long before Nellie came in on her brother's arm—radiant, lovely as a dream, with a pink rosebud on her fair bosom just like the one for which her eager, happy eyes were watching.

And almost the first one she sees amid the crowd is—Sydney Howe in full evening dress, with a spray of small snowy-white roses in his buttonhole—Sydney Howe, with his face all alight with happiness and royal content.

Then, in the one second Nellie stared and wondered if he meant to insult her, Vane Vandeleur stepped up to her, smiling, courtly, and followed the direction of her eyes.

"Ah! you have noticed as every one has the white flowers Mr. Howe and Miss Meredith are wearing to-night. Rather bad taste, I take it, to embelish their engagement so openly—a very sudden affair, I hear. May I have the honor of the first valse with you, Miss Penwyn?"

Poor little Nellie! Brave little Nellie! She flashed back a look at Sydney Howe that went cold as ice to his heart, so excessively reserved and freezingly courteous was the slight bow that accompanied it. Then she took Vandeleur's arm and smiled brightly as they turned away from where Sydney Howe stood—discomfited, indignant, wounded to the very heart's core.

"Can it be possible? It must be some mistake—this singular conduct of hers, when here before she has been so sweetly gracious, when she wrote such an answer to me not an hour ago! What can she mean? Is she sickle and false and a flirt? Or—has that Vandeleur been poisoning her with any specious stories?"

His brain seemed in a whirl as he looked after the fair, graceful girl, over whose bonny golden head Vane Vandeleur was leaning so devotedly. Then he saw him put his arm around her waist and they floated off to the delicious melody of the waltz.

His brow darkened as he turned away from the gay throng.

"There can be but one explanation," he thought, bitterly. "She accepted my confession only to deliberately cut and hurt me. Well! No woman will ever treat me so again!"

And Nellie, gliding along with Vandeleur's arm around her waist, saw him go away, and great thrills of pain and anger and misery filled her.

"He has insulted me beyond forgiveness! How dared he to deliberately reject my rosebud and wear those odious, scentless, ghostly ones! I will not care! I will not care for him!"

But, Nellie found out, when, her fury of rage and jealousy having burned itself to ashes, she heard the next morning that Mr. Howe had left the hotel the night before, that it was easier to say she would not care than to do it.

"Quite sudden in Howe rushing off so," Vandeleur said, when they met on the piazza later, "but it explains itself, as I see Miss Meredith's trunks waiting to be taken to the depot."

Nellie carefully opened a morning paper she had brought with her.

"It occurs to me it would have been in better taste had Mr. Howe waited and escorted his betrothed to the city. What a lovely day this promises to be!"

And that was the last time Vandeleur heard Nellie Penwyn mention her lost lover's name, and his vile heart revelled in the misery and anguish his successful lying treachery had accomplished, and it mattered nothing to him that Sydney Howe took a sore, sick heart out into the world with him, or that fair Nellie had sustained a blow that only her proud silence helped her endure.

Three years later, and just such a night as that fair, starry midsummer eve when hope and happiness were given to Nellie Penwyn for such a pitifully little while, and to-night, the first of her stay at the sea-shore, the sound of the band in the ball-room, the salty freshness of the night air brought back memories of the past more poignant than they had been brought for years.

Those three years had been so many stretches of blackness and silence and darkness so far as Sydney Howe was concerned—except one, a few months after her return home after that short season of bliss and pain. Then Mr. Vandeleur had called on her, and told her he had read the account of Mr. Howe's marriage to Miss Meredith, in Paris, at the American Embassy, and regaled her with a detailed account of the elegance and style and brilliancy.

After that he was a frequent visitor at the Penwyns. Then, frequency grew into marked regularity that did not cease even when Nellie refused his offer of marriage.

Then, Nellie and her brother and parents had passed more than a year in Germany, and Mr. Vandeleur had paid them two visits; then, when they returned, and settled themselves at the seaside for the season, Mr. Vandeleur determined that his unwearied, persistent efforts should be crowned with success.

He smiled to himself as he walked up and down the piazza waiting for her, as he had waited once before, and when she came—graver, more subdued, but as fair and sweet as ever, his heart gave a great thrill of triumph as he thought how fate had played so squarely in his hands.

She was wearing a dainty shade of green to-night, with heavy gold ornaments, and pink oleander at her throat and in her hair.

"You never looked better," he said, as he came forward with an air of proprietorship that seemed a usual thing of late. "You make me love you more and more, Nellie! Are you not willing to be gracious, and after all my patience grant me that which I ask? Nellie, I have waited so long to have you promise me you will be my wife. Tell me to-night."

The very absence of ardent terms of endearment pleased her—even as she listened, wearily, Nellie felt she could never have endured his love words, and yet—why not marry him! She did not love him—she never could love him or any one now—but he was as good as any other suitor. Why not?

"Yes, you have been kind and patient, Mr. Vandeleur. I think you deserve to have an answer from me that will, in your estimation, reward you, although I cannot see why it should. Come to me to-night, later—at ten o'clock—and I think I can give you the answer you crave. I will be here where we are now."

He took the graceful dismissal and the precious half-promise with equal content.

"Nellie, my darling! you make me feel as if I were walking on air! At ten I will be here to hear the most blessed fate man ever had sealed to him."

Nellie went back to her room, a cold calmness in her heart, a depression of spirits brooding over her that she knew would never again lift itself after the irrevocable promise she had given to Mr. Vandeleur—she went slowly, wearily back to her room, to think it all over once more, and found on her dressing-case a basket of exquisite white roses, with a note lying conspicuously among them—a note addressed in a handwriting that made every drop of blood in her veins stand still, for it was—Sydney Howe's!

Her trembling fingers could hardly tear open the envelope, and a mist was before her eyes as she tried to read the few lines that said:

"Once, long ago, you sent me a spray of white roses with a note from you that made me the happiest man in the world. You will remember I wore them; you will remember how mysteriously cruel you were. I went away, despairing, almost resentful; but I went loving you, and I have loved you ever since. To-night I heard you were here, and as I am a guest for only one day, and I may never be so near you again, I am resolved to put my fate to the touch once more, and beg you to search your heart and see if you find any sweet memory of me. Nellie, I love you, and I want you! If you will come to me, take the oleander blossoms off and come down-stairs at ten o'clock. I will be in your hair and on your bosom. For God's sake, try to be merciful, my darling!"

The world seemed going from her as she read the precious, precious words. Then she kissed the letter, over and over, then she laughed in very ecstasy of heart, and tore off the delicate almond-fragrant bloom she had worn, and wreathed lovely trails of the creamy, petaled roses in her hair, and pinned a cluster at her throat, and another at her belt.

"I could smother myself in these lovely roses!" she said, as she hurried her flushed, happy face among pallid, velvety splendor.

Then she went into the parlor of their suite and rung for a servant to go to Mr. Howe's rooms and request him to call immediately.

And there she waited, standing like some Undine, in her pale green robes, her floating golden hair, her creamy white flowers—waited for her life-happiness to come, with hardly a thought of how horribly near she had come to being engaged to Vane Vandeleur.

He came, and as he took her in his arms, in an embrace that was perfect content, they both knew their happiness had crowned them at last.

"I cannot understand," Nellie said later, "how it was my little pink rosebud was changed to white ones. Of course some one tampered with them, but who, Sydney?"

"There is but one person in all the world who expected to gain by any misunderstanding between us. Mr. Vandeleur, Nellie, darling. Think if you cannot recall any occurrences that prove what I suspect."

Her color came and went in little flutters of pink and white.

"Oh, Sydney, it certainly was he who called my attention to the fact of both you and Miss Meredith wearing white flowers!—And he told me you were engaged, and it was he who told me you were married!"

Sydney was caressing her lovely bare arm.

"And it is the same gentleman that wants to marry you! Nellie, to Mr. Vandeleur we can attribute all the misery we have endured. But I think we can afford to forgive him."

But although Nellie's blue eyes were all love and tenderness for her lover, there was a steely gleam in them as she went down-stairs on his arm at ten o'clock, to meet Vane Vandeleur, who waited on the very spot, and who looked up, whiter than a ghost, at the sight of them, at the sound of Nellie's low, cutting voice.

"I have come to tell you that I cannot give you the answer you desire. I have discovered the romance of the roses, and the charming *finesse* you displayed; but, fortunately, my lover has come to me again, not to be separated from me by you."

And Sydney bowed coldly as Nellie finished.

"Permit me to endorse Miss Penwyn's words; also to inform you that my wife and myself will dispense with your acquaintance for the future."

And this time it was Vane Vandeleur who took himself away from them all, while Sydney and Nellie lay out their heads and hearts idly beside the sea—never to be parted more.

Sowing the Wind;
OR,
THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

BLACK UNDER THE GOLD.

"AND YOU are Rose St. Felix!"

The words seemed to echo and re-echo, in glib, taunting voices in Rose's ears. She was conscious of all the words around her, and she wondered, in a vague, feeble way, whether she really was or was not, the woman whose name he had called.

Utter ruin, utter woe seemed on her very heels—at least what she thought would have been ruin and woe to her, but what would really have proved her salvation.

Did he recognize her really, truly, or did he only note the familiar strange resemblance, and, being so vividly impressed, venture on this presumptuous mode of satisfying himself?

She caught at the idea, as it floated through her brain, as a drowning man catches at the merest straw that floats past him in his desperate struggle for life.

If he were uncertain but suspicious, she might, by her wonderful powers of determination and desperation, that were strengthened by the very possibility of conquering in this hand-to-hand battle for supremacy, she might play her cards so that it would go well with her yet.

But was there more suspicion in that sentence that had stung her like a scorpion's touch, or was it triumphant positiveness?

She drew her breath hard between her clenched teeth, the thrill of lips hiding their desperately anguished motion. She stole every nerve in her slight, graceful form; then lifted her eyelids in magnificently simulated astonishment, and well-bred hauteur.

"She was ready for the fray. What was it to understand you, sir. What was it to say?"

It was a grandly strategic move, for it not only put her off the ground of having to defend her position, but it gave her the offensive, at the same time that she had the opportunity she sought of carefully noting the hidden meaning in his words.

Her very coolness, her very words astonished him, but he answered with another smile that would have made her shudder visibly, had not her eyes been put so sharply down.

"I said you were Rose St. Felix. Shall I prove it, as I am able to prove it?"

She met his smiling eyes with the most perfect astonishment in her own. Then she smiled, as if she were delightedly amused at his odd remarks.

"Really, Mr. Saintenon, it has come to be a charming jest. I have been told three times before, since I came to Westwood, that I was the living image of different parties, and now you, almost a stranger, see in me a resemblance to—who please, I beg pardon! Am I to be flattered by the coincidence?"

She gave him the most guileless, bewitching of smiles, as she stood leaning carelessly against the door-post of the summer-house.

"I think you are to be complimented, regardless of whom you resemble. Beside the striking personal appearance you bear to the lady I have mentioned, your voice is hers, exactly; your manner, also, your actions."

He acted, it seemed to her, as a cat acts when it has a panting, trembling mouse whom it intends to worry almost to death before it inflicts the final bite. Her blood seemed curdling in icy waves around her heart, but she was moved to a terrible tension that would answer her well for strength while this occasion lasted.

She bowed, as if accepting delicate praise.

"You are very kind, Mr. Saintenon; as I imagined, the lady under consideration must be very near and dear to you. As I said to Jocelyne—Miss Merle, when she was absolutely startled, when we first met, at the likeness I have to a dead cousin of hers, I say to you—it is pleasant and embarrassing to look like everybody."

Her tone changed visibly to one that indicated she was becoming bored by a matter that possessed no possible interest to her. She stood curving and uncurling one thick golden tress on which a sunbeam fell, making a burnished glory of it.

St. Felix watched her, the smile in his calm, cruelly strong eyes dying slowly away, and on his face coming a clear, terrible coldness. Then, with a sudden gesture, that surprised her into paralysing fear for one second, he seized her wrist in a tight, painful grasp.

"You always were good in private theatricals—you are acting now well enough to make your fame and fortune on the stage. You cannot hide yourself under your bright hair, or behind the position you occupy, though how it all comes out of what I allude to, I cannot tell. I only know you are my wife, whom I supposed I saw lying dead in her coffin. I only know you are Rose St. Felix!"

His lengthy, slowly-delivered charge gave her time to shake off the stupor of terror. When he had finished, she drew herself haughtily up.

"I am no coward, afraid of even a man's physical strength, but I did not know Mr. Itamar permitted insane men to wander at will through his private grounds, free to insult the ladies of his household, or that I should be so grossly treated. Another attempt on your part to repeat your offense, and I will call Mike, the gardener, who is within sound of my voice, and he will administer the horsewhipping you deserve!"

Her indignation was perfect, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling, her voice vibrated with her sense of the outrage he offered.

He loosened his clutch on her wrist—if the gardener really were near, it might possibly be unpleasant for him; Rose stripped off her glove and pushed back her hair, revealing a blue circle around her dainty wrist where his grip had been.

"You see that? You will answer for that to my cousin. And, unless you wish to be assisted out, you will leave the grounds at once!"

Her heart was beating almost alarmingly; it seemed her strength could not endure if this interview lasted longer.

St. Felix bowed, defiantly.

"I will retire—presently. But before I do, I wish to tell you all your assumptions of indignation, all your high-toned airs, all your wealth of golden hair, all the supposed impregnability of your position, cannot hide you! You know me—you knew me when you nearly fainted at sight of me this morning at the window you know I am no more Saintenon than you are Miss Itamar; you know you are my wife—the woman who ran away from her home, from my house—who was reported killed at the time of the accident—whom I thought I saw dead in her coffin, but whom I speak to now! Rose! I know you. Answer me one question: was Miss Itamar killed and buried in your name, or—did you kill her?"

A sudden desperate expression came to her eyes as she listened to the low, pitiless tones that hissed in her ears like a sibilant whisper. She glanced helplessly around her, her face blanching to a ghastly pallor, her eyes almost starting from her head.

She was caged, caught in her very tracks. She knew any further resistance was instantly hopeless. She knew she stood revealed before him, before her husband, the man she feared and hated and dreaded, from whom she had fled, and committed all the sins that were dragging her down.

There was no hope—no help for her. Fate itself seemed arrayed against her. A little gasping sob came from her lips that were pinched and blue, and then she sunk down in a dead faint on the step of the summer-house.

A cold smile passed his handsome lips, as he looked at her a moment before he took her in his arms and carried her to the rustic bench inside.

She lay there like some exquisite marble statue, her long golden hair floating unconfined from under her sea-skin cap, her long lashes sweeping her white cheeks.

He stared grimly at her, then, removed her cap from her head, and stooped over, intently scrutinizing the lovely golden hair that he parted carefully with his skillful fingers.

Then, a smile almost sardonic, crept to his eyes, as he saw that the very extreme roots of the glossy hair were black as midnight.

"Proof positive! But how gloriously she fought! Now, what shall I do with her? I have no idea of saddling myself with her again—the little velvet-clawed cat!—but if, as I suppose, she has managed to come into full control of the wealth the real Miss Itamar possessed, she shall share it with me, for despite poor Richmond's opinion to the contrary, I'm nearly bankrupt."

She came out of the faint with suddenness, and in a second comprehended all that had transpired. She struggled to a sitting position, when she discovered her hat was off.

St. Felix handed it to her, gallantly.

"I beg your pardon for removing it, but I was anxious to see if the roots of your hair were as charmingly golden as the rest of it. I am sorry to say you will have to apply a fresh batch of whatever dye you use."

She shivered as she put her sea-skin on, while he watched her quietly.

"Don't be sullen, Rose. I want you to talk to me. Tell me—was it Miss Itamar who was killed by the railroad accident, or did you?"

She interrupted him with her lips quivering.

"How dare you insinuate such a horror! I am bad enough, desperate enough, Heaven knows, but not that—not that—even if it would purchase my eternal liberation from you! She was killed—I swear it—and I, beside her, es-

caped. And—why should I not—I exchanged identities with her?"

"To escape me?"

"To escape you."

They looked at each other in dead silence.

"This is a dangerous game, Rose. Do you know what will happen to you if I go to the man you are imposing upon, and tell him all the facts? Why should I not, and take you away with me? You are my wife."

"Yes—I know it! And I will buy myself of you. Go away, and never come back, and I'll give you anything you ask."

Her words were spoken in a low, hoarse whisper, frightfully unlike her sweet, contralto tones.

He looked at her, searchingly.

"Will you bring me a thousand dollars cash—say a week from to-night—if I swear to leave you here, free to do as Miss Itamar would do? A thousand dollars cash down, and three hundred a month to an address I will give you?"

She did not hesitate a second.

"Yes."

He lifted his hat gallantly.

"Thank you! I will see you just after dark next Tuesday here, then. I wish you *au revoir* until that time—Miss Itamar!"

And he walked away, followed by her agonized, desperate eyes until he was beyond sight.

CHAPTER XX.

THE HOVERING CLOUD.

THE days immediately following the betrothal of Mr. Itamar and Jocelyne were the happiest of her life. Jocelyne had become perfectly assured that she had sacrificed no principles of maidenly modesty in accepting her new lover so immediately, for the recital of his patience, his own self-sacrifice, his enduring love for her, convinced her he deserved whatever he asked at her hands.

And Mr. Itamar could hardly realize that the dusky head he had so often longed to take to his breast was his own wife, and as often as he chose. It seemed as if he had suddenly come into some marvelous heritage, in which wonderment, ecstatic happiness and jubilation triumph were the ingredients.

Jocelyne was happy as the days were long. Her lovely face lost that pale tinge that had marked it when she learned to her shame and grief—not that Kenneth Richmond had been untrue to her, but that she did not love and never had loved him.

Hour by hour her light step resumed its old-time springiness and laughing content reigned in her dark, soulful eyes, and she veritably fulfilled her lover's pet name for her—"Little Sunshine."

Arrangements for the wedding went on unimpededly, strange as it seemed to the most concerned; new cards were engraved, though far fewer in number than intended at first; and, secure in their own happiness and conscientiousness, Mr. Itamar and Jocelyne gave no heed to any gossip that might arise, that certainly did arise, but that scarcely lived its fabled nine days' existence.

These were dreadful days for Rose St. Felix—days in which her mental sufferings were so intense that they left palpable traces on her, and she was obliged to resort to an admitted and avowed illness to satisfactorily explain the meaning of her haggard, ghostly face, and nervous, suppressed excitement of manner.

The news of Jocelyne's betrothal to Florian Itamar had been a terrible blow to her, striking home to her heart with such pangs of jealous rage and hatred of the fair sweet girl who had blushingly confided it to her the day after her interview with St. Felix in the park, that she was positively startled to learn how even deeper than she had thought Mr. Itamar was established in her affections. At first, her impulse was almost to choke the life out of the slight girl whom Florian Itamar had whispered words of passion to, whom he had taken in his arms and kissed, whom he would cherish and love, while she—she, Rose St. Felix, the wife of a living husband—was wasting her strong, sinful love upon him.

In her soul she had madly sworn the marriage should never be; she had entertained some wild idea of mutilating Jocelyne's glorious beauty, of kidnapping her, locking her up in some unused closet to die—all sorts of horrible things presented themselves when she realized that for Jocelyne Merle was reserved all the perfection of human happiness as Florian Itamar's wife, while for herself was all the misery and woe this world could bestow.

Besides this almost unendurable anguish of jealousy and hatred, Rose was haunted night and day, sleeping or waking, with the fact of her husband's knowledge of her identity. It had taken such a hold upon her the day of their interview in the grounds that the deadly swoon into which she had fallen was but one of many, caused by sheer nervous alarm and distress, and the result was a sad impairment of her beauty, and a painfully excited condition of mind.

Seven days had elapsed since the Thursday when Rose had agreed to meet her husband at the summer-house with the hush-money that was to purchase her safety so far as he was concerned; seven days that had brought the season of Dec. 3d, two days before the wedding at Westwood, that had completed all the arrangements therefor, and that had witnessed the securing of the thousand dollars Rose had pledged herself to hand her husband.

It was Monday afternoon—the Monday before the Thursday of the wedding, and one day before the time appointed for her meeting with the one man on earth she feared and hated.

It had been a brilliantly cold day, with not a cloud to mar the intense frosty-blue shine of the mid-winter sun, and the ladies at Westwood had decided not to venture out—Mr. Itamar particularly advising Jocelyne that the cold was too severe for her—with an authoritative tenderness that spoke Rose to the very soul.

The early afternoon shadows had just begun to fall, almost imperceptibly, and Mr. Itamar had come for Jocelyne to see a new floral treasure in the conservatory; Rose was alone in the warm, unlighted morning-room, where she had been lying on the couch nearly all the afternoon while Jocelyne had patiently and persistently tried to entertain her by reading from Holland's

"Mistress of the Maase," or in light, girlish gossip; and Rose had outwardly been entertained, while her brain and heart were like seething volcanoes as she lay there thinking till thought became an agony of pain.

She had flung off the Afghan Jocelyne had thrown over her, and begun a rapid, restless promenade of the long, fire-lighted room, when she heard the familiar rap of her maid-servant on the door, followed by the girl bearing a note on a salver.

an honest candor, that, though she had not supposed him capable of it, nevertheless impressed her strongly at first with a sensation of surprise, followed by a bewildered thankfulness that amounted to almost wild ecstasy as she went to her own room to answer it.

Even in the midst of her thankfulness-exuberant delight, in view of her husband's removal from her vicinity, she did not lose sight of her prudence. She did not permit herself to write a scratch of her pen in reply, but only wrapped the money in a securely-sealed packet, and went down into the breakfast-room and ordered her maid, who was still in waiting, to send the messenger from Sunset Hill to her.

He received the package with stolid indifference, gave her a second sealed note, which she opened and saw was a receipt, and went away.

And so it was ended—Rose thought. If only it had not been for that other terrible truth, what a heaven of safety and relief would have been before her!

The succeeding day was one of gloom and storm; snow whirled in dizzy eddies through the air, and piled soft and white on path and lawn, and Jocelyne laughingly declared it was in honor of her wedding.

The next day it cleared, with a sharp, sun-shiny air; and on the Thursday, the wedding morn, another gloriously fair winter day dawned, and active preparations were begun for the quiet festivities of the evening.

Throughout the morning Jocelyne flitted through the great house that was warm as summer, and looking like a vast conservatory, so profuse was the floral decorations, herself looking like some dainty flower, in her cardinal silk morning-dress, with her lovely, wavy hair floating in a dusky shower over her shoulders.

But she was pale. Mr. Ithamar and Rose had noted it when she came down to breakfast, and Rose had laughingly rallied her on her ability to look the interesting bride-elect while her lover had expressed his solicitude at once.

"Jocelyne, my darling, you are not ill?" She smilingly assured him that she was not; and, Rose, who was keeping up appearances wonderfully, despite the wild wish in her heart that Jocelyne were sick, dead, anything, spoke reassuringly in her behalf.

"Cousin Florian, you certainly do not expect that the excitement of this occasion will not make her charmingly pale and, as I said, interesting? You would not want to see her rosy and blooming, would you?"

His tender glance rested gravely on her pale face.

"I certainly wish to see her looking well. Promise me, Jocelyne, you will not over-exert yourself to-day. I will see that everything is right. Promise me you will rest after lunch in your room for an hour or two."

Jocelyne gave the required assent merrily.

"Yes, Guardy, I promise; only it is too funny that because I am a little pale you think I am ill."

"I remember that this same pallor once followed or preceded a serious indisposition. Jocelyne—the time you told me of the pain around your heart. You are sure you have no pain around your heart now?"

"Quite sure, Guardy. This morning I had a little, but it amounted to nothing. Indeed, it was nothing at all."

And Rose sat with her head drooped over her coffee-cup, wishing that the pain around Jocelyne's heart might—

And only by the suppressed glitter in her eyes, as she finished her breakfast, would one have known of the horrible thoughts in her heart—this woman who was daily, hourly, momentarily drifting further and further into that sea of sin where there is no return tide.

True to her word, Jocelyne remained quiet all day. At lunch, Mr. Ithamar noticed that her pallor was not increased, and that the flow of spirits was gay and girlishly happy; and when, after Rose had left the dining-room, at a summons from a servant, Jocelyne came down, he took her in his strong, loving arms, and drew her dusky head to his breast, and looked down into the beautiful eyes, it seemed as if never before had he so loved her, never before had his heart so yearned toward her.

"My little love, my little darling!" Jocelyne, the very thought that you are ill makes my heart ache with such a vague, strange pain. Oh, my love, if I should lose you!"

She nestled closer in his warm embrace, so content, so perfectly content.

And if either of them knew that it was the last time! If either of them had known all the horror that lay beyond!

CHAPTER XXI. THE CROWNING CRIME.

Jocelyne, true to her word to Mr. Ithamar, had retired to her room to take the quiet repose he had prescribed for her, and of which she really felt she was in need. As she had lightly complained to her guardian-lover, she had suffered somewhat from a disagreeable sense of constriction around her heart, and a feeling of languor she had attributed to having been unusually busied those last few days before the wedding, added to a perfectly natural excitement.

She realized now, as she lay there on her low silken couch, that she had been physically affected by the events of the past few days more than she had known, until now, and then she thought, with vague wonderment, that it was so, that she had so willingly, so unhesitatingly been on with the new love.

It was all right, however, perfectly right, or her guardian would never have permitted her to have done so.

She certainly had exchanged an imaginary for a real happiness, and then she remembered having heard her mother say once, years before she had died, that when one experienced the slightest doubt upon the right or wrong of any action, it could be settled instantly by their conscientious ability to beg God's blessing upon it. And Jocelyne's last waking thought, as she yielded to a deliciously slumberous sensation, was that with all her heart and strength, and mind and soul, she could plead Heaven's blessing and sanction on her betrothal to Florian Ithamar.

Jocelyne's maid had closed all the shutters and drawn all the curtains of her mistress's rooms, so that only a dim twilight reigned, while in the open grate the fire glowed dully behind the silver bars, sending long lanes of red light along the carpet, and into the dusk shadows of the quiet room.

Rose St. Felix halted as she came across the threshold, her eyes gleaming like black stars as she looked the door after her, with the key which Pauline had left in it, according to Jocelyne's directions; and her soft cashmere wrapper swept noiselessly across the floor as she glided nearer the couch.

The house seemed enveloped in supernatural stillness, that appeared all the more supernatural that she knew there were progressing such cheerful, busy preparations for the evening, that were positively rare no human soul knew of her presence in Jocelyne's rooms—her baleful presence, with her glowing eyes that betokened the intense pitch of jealous wrath to which she was strung.

Hour by hour, moment by moment, as that day had worn on, Rose's evil passions had been rising and gathering new force, and then, as some swollen river suddenly overflows the confining banks against which it is fretted in seething fury, they rose in mighty impetuosity, overflowing and overwhelming her with mad, resistless force.

She stood at the head of the couch, looking around at the luxuries on every hand—at the delicate rose-flushes of fire-glow on the creamy walls and upholstery, on the statuettes and cool, pure engravings that betokened Jocelyne's refined, exquisite taste; then she looked down on the fair sweet girl lying on the silken couch, her long dark lashes sweeping her white cheeks, her low, regular breathing indicating how peaceful her sleep was.

Rose's eyes gleamed still more brightly; she bent her face, that was paler even than Jocelyne's, nearer the lovely dusky head, and it

seemed as though a silent curse was on her motionless lips.

"How I hate her! How I envy her! If she only would rise, never waken! And how easy it would be!"

The thought surged through her brain with awful force, that was the more awful because for the first time all her jealousy and hatred assumed tangible form.

She had been born to Jocelyne's death; true, she had wished some catastrophe would happen; but never until this moment had it come to her to make herself the instrument to accomplish her desires.

She had come to Jocelyne's room—hardly knowing why or for what, except that she was impelled by some impulse she could not resist—she who had given way to her wicked impulses so often that she was the merest slave to them.

But now, face to face with the terrible possibility, I would not paint Rose St. Felix blacker than she was. She was no dreadful monster, no horrible fiend, whose nature demanded the reveling in crime as the only possibility of happiness. If she had been born to the position she was occupying by fraud, if she had been fortunate in her younger days, and life had offered her a different chance for happiness, and she had been surrounded by another atmosphere from that which she had been born to, she would have been a different education, Rose St. Felix would have gone her way as thousands of women do, creditably enough, with no knowledge of her capacities for evil, simply because the occasion did not exist for her to develop them.

One woman, God in his mercy, knowing her weaknesses, would protect and secure from what would be irrefragable dismay; to another, what would permit the temptation, and give special grace to overcome; but to this woman, this Rose St. Felix, who had no spark of piety, no germ of religious sentiment, no particular principle to sustain her against these assaults of Satan and the tendencies of evil which that woman, swayed by that mightiest of emotions, jealous passion, this woman, who hungered and thirsted for the possession of the good things of this world, who yearned for security of position and immunity from her one foe—what wonder that she was as helplessly, hopelessly at the savage mercy of her own passions as a trail building is to the red fury of flames fed by a high wind!

I think that as Rose stood there, pale and trembling, looking down on Jocelyne's pure, sweet face, she hardly appreciated the full awfulness of the sin her heart had suggested to her. In such moods as Rose was in then, results and causes bear no relation to each other; but whether the red word murder echoed through her maddened brain, whether or not she realized, with desperate appreciation the enormity of the crime she contemplated, of one thing there was no doubt, and that is, that not a ray of shuddering fear crossed her face, or a shadow of pitiful relenting came among the lurid gleams of her eyes, that looked with terrible unflinchingness upon the beautiful dusky head, whose long hair was unbound and streamed down in lustrous waves over her shoulders and down to her waist.

Her lashes lay against her pure, pale cheeks; her lips, warmly red, were tightly closed; one dainty arm was tossed carelessly above her head, and the other, with its delicate fingers, had fallen back, disclosing its exquisite contour; her delicate, slender throat was partially bare, fair and perfect as a column of ivory.

Rose took in every detail of that beautiful face and form.

It is no wonder that she is beloved," she thought; "she has youth, beauty, wealth, every thing to recommend her, while I—I am liable to be discovered, and cast out into the world, and branded as the impostor I am."

Rose's eyes burned with redoubled evil glare—"She stands between me and perfect happiness. For I swear I would win him in time—she will have the position I want!"

The dark, bright eyes kept their terrible watch on the girl's unconscious face, and her thoughts rushed on.

"No one would suspect," she told Mr. Ithamar she had pains at her heart—she had fainted several times—and it would only take one moment of courage, of nerve, and the obstacle would be removed! There would be only one brief struggle for her life, not a tithe of what I have suffered—there would be no trace left—shall I not do it?"

Her passion had worked her up to its intensest pitch. Every cautious feeling she might have entertained was gone; boldness and daring, desperation and recklessness, the very attendant spirits of murder were dominant over her, filling her entire being, and clamoring like hungry beasts whose appetites had been whetted by the smell and signs of blood.

Almost a smile was on her lips as she moved silently across the floor of Jocelyne's boudoir into the bedroom beyond, where everything betokened such sweet peace. The room was quite like a shrine, like a sanctuary, shrouded in the darkened windows; large easy-chairs, upholstered in white, stood about in graceful arrangement; a French bed, low and exquisitely carved, stood at one end of the room; and white, silken and lace canopy, its silken coverlet, its square sham pillows of silk, with fluted lace-edged silk ruffles; the carpet was one immense soft Turkish rug of spotless white, and through the door at the opposite end of the room, she caught a glimpse of the marble bath beyond.

It was all so holy, so pure, and so awfully at variance with herself, her thoughts; but Rose only realized, as she glided across the soft carpet, that to go away as she had come, with her hands yet free from the ineffaceable stain of blood, with her soul lost to all eternity, was not preferable to the knowledge that if she left only the fair form of Jocelyne lying on her couch, instead of the beautiful soul that she had loved, her way was clear as sunlight to the desired end.

So, with stealthy steps and silent motion, she crossed the floor and removed one of the massive sham pillows from the bed; with calm, controlled step she returned to the couch where Jocelyne slept, and raised the pillow in her strong, untrembling hands. Her nerves were quiet as a babe's on its mother's breast; her heart-beats came regular as the doomed girl's before her, her face was only bloodlessly pallid; the sole sign she gave of anything save the most astonishing self-possession.

For one second she raised the pillow high in the air, poised it for the fatal swoop, and then, she flung it suddenly down on Jocelyne's sweet face, and held it there, with hands strong enough to have crushed the life out of a strong man!

A minute—two—three—four—five. Was it eternity! Had she lived a thousand lives, or was it another world, in which she was? Dare she lift that pillow and look beneath? Dare she see the result of her desperate resistance against the few fierce, hopeless struggles the girl had made?

And then—Rose lifted the lace-frilled pillow, to see that the lovely face had turned from its pure, delicate fairness to a dull, purple-dark hue—as she had expected to see it; but there was no contortion of fears or horrors on the calm features, so calm, so awfully calm.

She laid her hand on the heart that gave no response to her touch, and then Rose St. Felix knew that to the list of her other sins she had added the red horror of murder! Then she knew there would be mourning in place of marriage-bells!

Very quietly and coolly she completed her work, and her fertile brain teemed with curiously wild delight as she anticipated how natural it would be to account for everything in the light of scientific and medical common sense.

Jocelyne was subject to fainting spells—all the household were aware of the fact—her maid can prove she has had alarming attacks—Mr. Ithamar knew she was complaining of her heart only this morning—and the excitement of the occasion has brought on a severe attack of unconsciousness, and what more easily accounted for than that she buried her face in her pillow, and suffocated while unconscious?"

And she smiled as she turned Jocelyne over, laying the still face against the blue silken cushion of the couch, and placing one hand inside her wrapper over her heart.

Then she replaced the large pillow on Jocelyne's bed; then she gave a parting glance of scrutiny around the room, and then went away, unseen, unheard by human eye or ear!

And she was apparently enjoying a siesta of some duration when her maid wrapped at her door with the summons that it was the hour at which she desired to be called.

And then she sat down and had just had her lovely hair dressed when the terrible news went forth through the house, and commotion and fear and distraction reigned paramount.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 372.)

LIGHT.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

[This composition has been pronounced by the most eminent critics in Europe to be one of the finest productions of the same length in our language.]

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The sun rolled bleak and bare,
Till I wove him a vest of his Ethiopian breast
And the threads of his golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy base,
I spanned it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
That looked out from the stars from view.
And when the flood of the world's first sin
Had fastened its mortal spell,
I guided by the stars the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Sighed for the land of their fathers' land,
With the hallowed gleams of my bridal beams
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the scroll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
When shepherd swains on Bethlehem's plains
Their lovely vigils kept,
I bade on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
And they chanted the morn of a Savior born—
Joy, joy to our outcast man!

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low;
On the just and unjust I descend;
Even the blind, whose spheres roll in darkness
And tears,
Feel the smile of a friend,
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced.

As the rose in the garden of kings,
At the obsequies of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly wings.

The desolate mora like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from
The dark bowers.

And lead her young day to her arms,
And when the gray rover seeks eve for his lover,
I wrap the soft rest by zephyr-fanned West,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel sleep by the night-dreaded deep
I gaze with unblinking eye
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted from the sky;
I guide by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compasses, dark, lone, weltering bring,
To the haven home safely bring.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bow,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again
As I breathe life to the dead again;
Oh, if such the glad worth of my presence on earth.

Though fretful and fleeting the while,
Whom must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile.

The Cretan Rover;

OR,
ZULEIKAH, THE BEAUTIFUL.

A ROMANCE OF THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.
BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.
AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE FLYING YANKEE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.
THE PLOT.

NIGHT drew its dark curtain over land and water, and the oriental home of Al Sirat Pasha was seemingly in deep repose.

Yet the old eunuch, who was still awake, and nearly as he was pacing to and fro, her brow clouded, her lips stern.

Presently a low tap came at her door, and, light as it was, it startled her—her thoughts were evidently of a guilty nature.

The eunuch, the tall, white-robed form of Khem, the eunuch, appeared.

"Well, slave?"

"Your noble ladyship, I have come to prove to my suspicious mistress the correctness of the Turkish expression, half as an oath, half as an ejaculation of surprise."

"Yes, lady. I told you, this morning, that I believed the negress Eldrene faithful to her trust, and would give her my word."

"Yes, and I told you that if you proved to me that your suspicions were correct—that the ladies Zuleikah and Kaloolah, through the treachery of the negress Eldrene, received their lovers in this klask—broke the sanctity of the harem—that you should have the gold that promised you, if you let them drown, accidentally, in the Bosphorus."

"Yes, my generous lady, and I have come to prove my words. The harem is now violated and the lovers of the Cretan maidens are now with them."

Photine was almost wild with excitement, and momentarily could not speak; but controlling her emotion by a great effort, she said:

"Prove this, and I will order the entire party to your death. Prove this, Khem, and this night shall you become their executioner, ay, within the hour shall the Bosphorus receive them, and you shall have your reward."

"Yes, if the sanctity of the harem is violated, I have the right to order the death of the violators, for such right Al Sirat Pasha invested me with."

"Lady, I go to call my guard. Then will I come for you, and conduct you to the rooms, where your own eyes shall behold the truth of what I have told you."

"Hasten, or all may fall through. Hasten, slave, would you earn your gold?"

Away went the Ethiopian, and drawing her veil over her face, and throwing an embroidered shawl around her, the beautiful plotter awaited nervously the return of the slave.

Soon he came, and with him two Ethiopian eunuchs, as black and ugly as himself.

All three were armed thoroughly, and carried their scimitars in their right hands.

Leading the way, the chief eunuch threaded the long hallways, closely followed by his two guards, and in the rear lightly glided the lady Photine.

Soon Khem halted before a heavy curtain that concealed a door, and the next instant

the portal was thrown open and the three slaves sprung within, followed closely by Photine.

It was a large, elegantly furnished apartment, and in it were four persons who sprang to their feet upon the rude entrance of the party.

Those four were Kaloolah and Zuleikah, Julian Delos and Paul Malvern, and they were seated at a table, apparently enjoying refreshments, when so unceremoniously disturbed.

"Seize the traitors! Seize and bind them!" almost shrieked Photine, and the slaves hurled themselves upon the two young men, who were unarmed, and could offer no resistance.

In five minutes Paul, Julian, and the two maidens were securely bound.

"Now, where is the arch traitress?" As Photine spoke old Eldrene bounded into the room most nimble for one of her age, and at once she found herself in the iron grasp of the slave Khem.

"Bind her! and then bear all three away! You know your duty, slave, and I command you to do it."

Your noble ladyship shall be obeyed," and the eunuch bowed low in obeisance, as, with trembling form, flashing eyes, and joyous twitching of the face, the beautiful woman turned and glided from the room.

Happy indeed was she, for by their own act her lovely rivals had rid her of the risk of their lives to death, when they violated the sanctity of the harem.

If she did not order them to death—they and their lovers—she knew that Al Sirat would, and thus she reassured herself with the thought that she would be guiltless of their death.

Sternly Khem bade the culprits follow him, and slowly the party moved from the room, out into the night, and then down the myrtle avenue, leading to the landing stairs.

Here they entered a large caïque, the two under slaves seized the oars, and away sped the boat over the dark waters of the Bosphorus, which were now lost in midnight gloom, while clouds and stars were visible from view.

By the row of half a league, and the caïque shot alongside of a large vessel of the tartan class, and here was made fast.

"Come."

It was all that the eunuch said, and as Paul arose in obedience to this command, his bonds were taken from him, and he stepped on board the tartan, where he was met by the Signor Dimitri.

Soon after, one by one, followed Julian Delos, Kaloolah, Zuleikah, and old Eldrene, who, as she stepped from the caïque, handed to Khem a large bag filled with gold.

"Return and report that you did your duty. If I mistake not, the Lady Photine will reward you also, for she was almost crazed with jealousy."

So saying, old Eldrene stepped on board the vessel, and the caïque rapidly sped away out into the gloom of the strait—Khem rejoicing in the double plot he had played, and which had ended him through the generosity of Julian Delos.

Upon the deck Eldrene found herself in the arms of her huge son, for Mesrak was no longer in iron; he was free, and seemed happy in his freedom.

Then the anchor was hoisted, farewell said to the Signor Dimitri, who sprang into his waiting boat alongside, the sails let fall by willing hands, and the sharp prow of the tartan turned down the Bosphorus, flying like some huge bird, away from the land of strange deeds and stranger people.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. ELMOS.

DOWN the Sea of Marmora, through the Dardanelles, and then to the rendezvous appointed with the Silver Scimitar, sped the tartan, without adventure or mishap, and then the valuable stores and precious human freight were transferred to the hold and cabin of the yacht, which at once set sail for the fair Isle of Crete.

A few days of eluding Turkish cruisers, and once again the beautiful vessel landed beneath the shadow of the ruined temple, and once again, in the bright moonlight, the toiling crew were busy carrying the supplies from the schooner to the ruin.

Then as the night faded before the approach of day, the Silver Scimitar sped seaward to cruise here and there, yet with orders to touch once in every two weeks at the cliff, for any orders that might await from her commander.

Within the ruin were soon safely ensconced the two maidens, Julian and Paul, and a score of patriots who had accompanied them from Constantinople, and, content to remain with their arms, they were old Eldrene and her huge son Mesrak, who were now most glad that they had escaped from the service of Al Sirat Pasha.

It had been the intention and the desire of Julian and Paul to convey Kaloolah and Zuleikah to England for safety; but this plan the maidens stoutly contested; they refused to be in England while their lovers—for such their hearts acknowledged the two young men to be—were in danger in Crete, and it was at last agreed that they should go to the island and become inmates of the monastery of St. Elmos, the head priest of which having been a warm friend of El Estin.

As Kaloolah paced to and fro the marble floor of the ruin, her thoughts were overwhelmingly sad, for it was there, only several months gone by, that her father had met his death—there that his mangled body had been so mysteriously spirited away.

Again, Julian had gone for a reconnaissance through the orange grove, and brought to her sad tidings—her loved home was but a mass of charred and blackened stones.

The Turks had been there, slain her faithful servants, and left her girlhood home a desolation.

Photine, using the Turkish expression, half as an oath, half as an ejaculation of surprise.

"Yes, lady. I told you, this morning, that I believed the negress Eldrene faithful to her trust, and would give her my word."

"Yes, and I told you that if you proved to me that your suspicions were correct—that the ladies Zuleikah and Kaloolah, through the treachery of the negress Eldrene, received their lovers in this klask—broke the sanctity of the harem—that you should have the gold that promised you, if you let them drown, accidentally, in the Bosphorus."

"Yes, my generous lady, and I have come to prove my words. The harem is now violated and the lovers of the Cretan maidens are now with them."

Photine was almost wild with excitement, and momentarily could not speak; but controlling her emotion by a great effort, she said:

"Prove this, and I will order the entire party to your death. Prove this, Khem, and this night shall you become their executioner, ay, within the hour shall the Bosphorus receive them, and you shall have your reward."

"Yes, if the sanctity of the harem is violated, I have the right to order the death of the violators, for such right Al Sirat Pasha invested me with."

"Lady, I go to call my guard. Then will I come for you, and conduct you to the rooms, where your own eyes shall behold the truth of what I have told you."

"Hasten, or all may fall through. Hasten, slave, would you earn your gold?"

Away went the Ethiopian, and drawing her veil over her face, and throwing an embroidered shawl around her, the beautiful plotter awaited nervously the return of the slave.

Soon he came, and with him two Ethiopian eunuchs, as black and ugly as himself.

All three were armed thoroughly, and carried their scimitars in their right hands.

Leading the way, the chief eunuch threaded the long hallways, closely followed by his two guards, and in the rear lightly glided the lady Photine.

Soon Khem halted before a heavy curtain that concealed a door, and the next instant

lian bade farewell to Zuleikah and Kaloolah, and at the head of their soldiers set out for the camp of General Aztec, which was ten leagues distant in the mountains.

Through the night, their way illumined by the moon, they continued their journey, and to the joy of the Cretan commander arrived safely in camp, and made their report.

Nor were the two heroes, for such they found themselves in the eyes of the patriot officers, adverse to leading a squadron back to the coast after the supplies, for they determined to give another call *en route* at the monastery, although a few miles out of their way. Why they decided to visit St. Elmos the reader who has ever loved can readily imagine.

The expedition to the coast, the visit to the monastery, and the return with the stores to the patriot camp met with success, and at once Paul Malvern and Julian Delos found themselves enrolled in the Cretan Army of Revolutionists as colonels of cavalry, with the civil title also of *beyzadehs*.

From the day they donned their gorgeous uniforms as soldiers of Crete, the bitter struggle seemed to be more fiercely waged, and superhuman exertions were made by the struggling handful of Christians to tear the cross from the crescent—to drive their Turkish rulers into the sea, and raise

army of Turks, or the red field and star and crescent banner of the Moslems waving over the sacred walls.

Descending into a small vale, they suddenly heard several shots, fired in rapid succession, and dashing forward, came upon a scene that at once caused Julian to cry, in ringing tones:

"There are your foes, Cretons. Charge!"

With wild cries of *Zilo! Zilo!* the squadron dashed forward, their spurs jingling, their scimitars whirling.

And upon what? A score of Turkish cavalry surrounding a fallen steed, and two human forms that lay upon the ground.

But the Cretons were upon them ere they were aware of danger, and though the Turks resisted bravely, fighting with that Mohamedan courage that is a part of their nature, in five minutes the combat ended—ended with the fall of the last Moslem, and the death and wounding of several Cretons.

Then Julian spurred forward to where the fallen steed and the two forms lay.

The one was a Turk, shot through the head, and the purple tassel of his turban stained red with blood; the other was the Sfikote courier, who, a few hours before, had so mysteriously left the Cretan camp.

He lay, pinned down by his horse, and either stunned or dead.

Bounding to the ground, Julian knelt by his side, and with Paul's assistance, dragged him from beneath the body of his dead horse.

Then he quickly laid him comfortably upon a mossy bank, and tore open his velvet jacket in search of a wound.

With amazement he started, and then ran his hand lightly over the upturned face. With the motion the dark mustache came from the lip, the turban was displaced, and a wealth of dark hair burst forth—the *Sfikote* was a woman!

Nay, more, in that beautiful face, now devoid of disguise, Julian Delos recognized one who was dearer to him than all the world. Kaloolah, either in a deep swoon or dead, lay before him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

THE HEART'S SECRET.

BY KATE MOORLAN.

I cannot reason with this new-born joy. I cannot answer for my heart's deep swell, Exuberant, and without fear's alloy.

Nor can I le on its hopeful gladness quell By bringing from the past death's head and moil. And seeking rudely from its dream of bliss, To waken it; but e'en as I was woe,

It smiles, and I am conquered, ere I woe. Such smiles! now lighting up the quiet eyes Of gray, with dreamy gladness, strange and bright;

As one might see in distant tropic skies, The nearer beauty of a starlight night; Dimping the cheek, but yesterday so grave; Rippling unconsciously the fresh mouth o'er,

Like over some old, friendly, and at last, to rest, Might smile playfully unto the shore.

Cheeks, yesterday so pale, now flushed and warm; Hands tightly clasped against the heaving breast, I cannot guess what deep and magic charm

Has lulled the trembling lip at last, to rest, I seek to read it; but it closes tight. The oft-read pages of that once sad book From my too eager and too curious sight

With a holy conscious smile and glowing look. Nay, gentle heart, I will not question thee, Quiet thy mute and innocent distress; Thou hast been very faithful unto me, And yet hast had no rest, no happiness.

Poor heart, sweet heart, be happy, if I be so, And none hath a right thy secret yet to see; Keep it as thou hast kept the former woe— Or rather, keep it yet more jealously.

Come forth, then, nay, I will not trouble thee, I will not reveal thy burning cheek; Or in thy pages once so known to me, Thy new-found joy I will not seek

To pierce; then, sweet heart, what need to still Thy joy, to quench thine eye's bright beam, And pale thy cheek, and thy sweet senses thrill?

Tell with grief, tell the dead sea Of fathomless futurity, bidle still; Dream on, even if it is to be, And thou must feel disappointment's chill.

Dream whilst thou may, for thou art happy now, Such lively aspirations from thine eyes Beam forth, such sweet humility thy brow

Crowns as thou dreamest, but for the dyes Of cheek, and shy and conscious smile, I say that thou wert buried in deep prayer; Dream on, poor heart, and I will watch the while; Pluck life's fair flowers to comfort thy despair; Live now; and let the dead past go, Nor fear for future ills; the fruit may not be thine.

Oh! call to-day's fair flowers as they blow, The present I give thee; the future shall be mine

The Girl Rivals;

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "THE HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

ROSES IN OCTOBER.

A COLD, dull, sickening fear had for many days and nights been growing upon Honoria Appleton. She looked with wonder on little Mildred, to think she could keep up her sparkling spirits in the face of the fact that weeks had elapsed since Judson had gone to State's prison, and yet no tidings had come to any one to prove the existence of her cousin.

Many times Honoria longed to warn the wife not to hope so fondly—not to put such confidence in the vision of a sickly girl; but Mildred was so busy with her books, music and painting; so almost sublime in the stern resolution she kept to herself—that when Otis did come, she would go, and would free him from his bonds and leave him at liberty to be happy with his splendid cousin—that she dreaded to disturb her with the pining misery of her own fears.

The two girls were keeping house in the old family mansion; in a very private way, keeping the front shutters closed that they might not be intruded upon by chance acquaintances, the most of the haughty aristocratic friends still staying in the mountains or at the seaside. Mildred wanted to go away, feeling a great delicacy about being found in that house when Otis should arrive.

But Honoria would not listen to her, asking what she would do, left all alone, with only servants, in that great mansion. So Mildred yielded, according to her nature, and remained, while Honoria did not say to her that she felt there would never be any reason for her going away.

One hot and dusky August day the fair young mistress of the mansion had exhibited a deep melancholy all day, which had the effect to depress the hopeful spirits of her friend.

Finally, not daring to put her dependency into plain expression, Honoria came down to tea dressed all in black.

Mildred looked at her in surprise which deepened to consternation, then glanced down at her own white robe and the pink carnations in her bosom, while the tears sprung to her eyes.

Neither of the girls did more than pretend to drink their tea. As they were leaving the room the little wife wound one white arm about her companion's waist.

* Equivalent to hurrah! or rive!

"You think he is dead," she whispered.

"Yes. But it may be because I am not quite well. My head aches; and so I look at things with gloomy eyes."

"Shall I go and put on my black dress, too?"

"Not to-night. I prefer to see you as you are. So long as you have hope I shall not quite despair."

They turned into the music-room. There were a few wax candles lighted here, whose silvery luster hardly intruded upon the flood of glorious moonlight which fell in crystal catenae through two tall windows opening to the south, deluging the lovely room with radiance.

Mildred sat down to the piano, touched the keys with a fairy touch, and began to sing to herself in low, soft tones mournful songs of sorrow and passion. A broad stream of moonlight lay over her slender, exquisite little figure, and lighted up her fair, pure face till it was like the face of an angel. Honoria could not bear even this sweet company, wandering off into the great drawing-room, faintly lighted by a single moonlight globe, and the mystic light which fell through one window to the south.

Here she paced up and down, the long train of her black dress trailing after her, not one jewel lighting up the dusk of her streaming hair, which she had let down because its weight was too oppressive to her aching head.

Suddenly she paused, clasping her hands, and falling back a step with a gesture that would have become a queen of tragedy, but with her wholly unpremeditated. The door-bell had sounded, and for some reason, which she did not herself comprehend, the summons was full of meaning—like the cry of a friend in danger. She stood still and listened.

The old servant was speaking with some one at the door; then the door closed, and as nothing now was heard, she was about to resume her walk when the door from the hall softly opened and some one stepped into the room.

"Honoria, is it you?"

"Otis! Oh, thank God, you have come at last!"

Their voices were vibrant with deep emotion, but not loud, and the sweet singer in the music-room adjoining—the folding-doors open, between the two rooms—heard nothing, and went on with her low, sad, heart-touching singing.

Otis held out his arms and his cousin rushed into them. He kissed her and she returned his kiss.

"I could not stay away longer, cousin; the call of my heart was too powerful. It is wrong to be here—it is against the voice of pride and the sense of duty—but I had to come, or die. There, now, I have frightened you, sweet!"

"You have," answered Honoria, tearing herself from his arms. "It does frighten me to hear you say such things. I was so glad to see you, Otis, whom we mourned as dead, that I remembered only that you were my dear cousin—my own cousin, ever dear, ever an object of the deepest interest to me, but my cousin only. Otis, dear, where have you been? Why did you allow us to suffer so much in the fear that you were dead?"

"Allow us? Who is 'us,' may I ask?"

"Hush! speak and move very softly, and I will show you," leading him toward the folding-doors, and signing him to look into the music-room.

He did look a long, long time, very silently. Honoria could not guess what thoughts were passing through his brain.

The picture in the music-room was one upon which the most indifferent person might gaze, if only for its beauty. The silver-falling moonlight, mingled with the soft glow of the wax candles, illuminated the place with a mystic light that made more lovely its beautiful adornments, and wrapped in a magic spell the fair creature at the piano.

Absorbed in her own thoughts, pouring out her own soul in thrilling whispers to the responsive instrument, Mildred sat in that white moonlight like a fairy inside the ring of a falling fountain. Her soft, translucent white dress fell about her perfect little figure; her white arms were bare, her wonderful gold hair glittered about her shoulders and fair throat. There were carnations in this hair and on the soft bosom, trembling to the music of the rose-sweet lips.

Mildred did not look the child she had been when the man who now silently gazed at her saw her last. As pure, as innocent, was that dreamy, beautiful face, but it wore a look of dignity, of quiet endurance, of pathetic womanhood which had come to it through many trials.

Nothing lovelier was ever seen on earth than Mildred sitting there in the moonlight, breathing out her loving soul in sweetest melodies. Honoria gazed on her, too, with as fascinated a look as her cousin.

Finally Otis turned and searched the dark beauty of the face beside him, as if comparing it with that ethereal loveliness of the other young creature at the piano.

"I am not so beautiful as she is," whispered Honoria. "Look at her! pure as an angel, lovely as a lily in the first bloom. That tropic is yours, Otis! Thank heaven for it! Otis, look at her—she is your wife—she loves you—adores you. Do not cast away the pearl of all your tribe!"

So saying his peerless cousin vanished from his side. He looked around for her, but she was gone.

Yes, brave, noble Honoria, speaking in the interests of honor and of her friend—crushing her own heart to do it—had fled to the sacred solitude of her own room.

There, throwing herself on the floor, in the tender moonlight, long did she wrestle with her own passionate nature; until, utterly wearied out with the long struggle and with the darting pangs that tore her head as well as heart, she at last sobbed herself to sleep, with one pillow under her aching head. But she awoke the conqueror. Gone was the racking pain in her temples—gone the more terrible pain in her heart. Long since had she given up her cousin to that other woman who loved him so and who had the right to love him. But his sudden appearance, his passionate words, had brought back her old feelings, and she had the battle all to fight over again.

Once more she was at peace. As she rose from her hard couch she perceived that there had been a light rain in the latter part of the night; the air coming in at her window was sweet and refreshing; she dressed herself calmly, without the help of her maid—for it was still very early—and then sat and read her prayer-book and considered what she could do to make others happy; until her maid came and was surprised to find her up.

Then the summons to breakfast came, and she went down, pale, but becoming.

Alas, the house was desolate. Otis had gone away about an hour after he left him, the servant who had let him out of the door said; and Mrs. Garner had gone off,

early this morning, and had not yet returned.

"This is intolerable," thought Honoria. "She has gone and left me alone in this great house. Go up to Mrs. Garner's room," she ordered the servant, "and see if there is a note on her table for me."

The servant returned with a note. She hastily opened it, and read:

"DEAR FRIEND—Otis asked me to live with him; but I did not believe that his heart was in his words. I do not think it delicate for me to remain in your house, under the circumstances. With ten thousand thanks for your love and noble kindness, I bid you good-by, for the present. I am going back to Pentack. I think Mrs. Fletcher will be glad to see me, and I am sure I can do a little something to pay for my board. Fondly, your friend, MILDRED."

So Honoria was forsaken; nor could Otis come freely to see her, for it was in the will that he should never so much as take a meal in the house.

Mildred had left him her bank-book with word that she should never draw the money; and he, with all his pride, was driven by dire necessity to make use of it himself.

So long as this money lasted Otis gave himself a treat of idleness. But "time hung heavy on his hands." Honoria always received him gravely, as if she thought it was not just right for him to seek her society; and thus he was driven, more and more, to think of that lovely, pure face he had seen bending over the piano, while the echo of that passionate, sweet voice lingered in his memory.

In the mean time Mildred found a warm welcome in Pentack. The Fletchers were delighted to have her with them; while her tasteful accomplishments were in constant requisition, for there was to be, on the first of October, in that old homestead, one of the grandest weddings ever celebrated in that part of the country.

Ruth, now that her mind was at ease, had recovered her health and appetite, and was daily getting back more fully the dimples and the roses which had once made her so very, very pretty. She was the happiest girl in the State, but more happy than her lover, who was being repaid in a double measure of joy for all he had wrongfully suffered.

Little Mildred was consulted at every step of the preparations, and always appeared cheerful and interested. If she shed tears she shed them in solitude.

About three weeks before the wedding she received by mail a bulky package. Opening it in some consternation she was astonished to find that it contained a deed of gift of half the Garner estate—amounting to a round million—

—to Mrs. Mildred Garner from Honoria Appleton. She had no idea of accepting this magnificent gift, but was too busy to decide what to do about it just then, laying it away in a locked box, and really thinking very little about the preposterous thing.

The first of October soon came round—a gorgeous day, that shone down like a benediction on the roiny old house, every corner of which had been put in order, since many guests were expected during the day and to remain over night, besides the many invited to the evening festivities.

The best room had been reserved for Miss Appleton, who had accepted her invitation. Mrs. Fletcher was a little flurried at the idea of so grand a guest; but Mildred laughed at her, and declared she would take all the care of the lady, and since the house was crowded, she would room with her.

The house was sweet with flowers and quaintly handsome with its old-fashioned adornments. Guests poured in—Miss Appleton among them—and merry laughter, music and feasting soon brought the starry evening, when all the respectable people in Pentack flocked to the wedding.

Ruth made a sweet, girlish, pretty bride. Her long white silk robe, her veil, her orange-flowers, her smiles and blushes were charming; but she had a rival in the popular interest; for no living being in that mass of friends had ever seen so lovely and sylph-like a creature as the fair girl who stood by the bride, dressed all in white and wearing a necklace of costly pearls about her white neck, and white roses in her gold hair.

There was a faint, soft flush on Honoria's cheek, and a glory in her great violet eyes which Honoria, intently watching her, could not entirely understand.

She would have understood it had she seen the love-letter which nestled near Mildred's fast-beating heart—the first love-letter the child had ever received—and which told her that her fairy-prince was coming to claim his bride, at last.

Not a rose in the rose-garden of Persia could have rivaled Mildred's cheeks when, just after the wedding ceremony between Ruth and Jasper, Otis Garner walked into the room and came up and gracefully congratulated them; then turned and kissed his fair little wife before them all, and taking her on his arm, led her out to supper.

Honoria was not married for three years after that, though she had suitors by the dozen; but she did, at length, meet a true and noble gentleman, well worthy of her—far more worthy of her than Otis Garner could ever have been, though Otis, after all his foibles, makes a tender and fond husband to his little wife.

It was a sharp way of cheating old uncle Garner out of his vengeance which Honoria had taken when she divided her fortune, not with Otis, but with his wife; and she had the pleasure of seeing her cousin restored to his rights without breaking the word—though she did the spirit—of that ill-tempered will.

THE END.

A WONDERFUL CAVE.—In the range of mountains in western North Carolina, known as the "Fork Range," a most singular phenomenon exists. It is a "breathing cave." In the summer months a current of air comes from it so strongly that a person can't walk against it, while in the winter the suction is just as great. The cool air from the mountain in the summer is felt for miles, in a direct line from the mouth of the cave. At times a most unpleasant odor is emitted upon the current from dead carcasses of animals sucked in and killed by the violence. The loss of cattle and stock in that section in winter is accounted for in this way: they range too near the mouth of the cave, and the current carries them in. At times, when the change from inhalation to exhalation begins, the air is filled with various hairs of animals; not infrequently bones and whole carcasses are found miles from the place. The air has been known to change materially in temperature during exhalation, from quite cool to unpleasantly hot, withering vegetation within reach, and accompanied by a terrible roaring, gurgling sound, as a pot boiling. It is unaccounted for by scientific men who have examined it, though no exploration can take place. It is feared by many that a volcanic eruption may break forth there some time. Such things have occurred in places as little unexpected.

Base-Ball.

LIVELY VS. DEAD BALL.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

The question agitating base-ball circles in the West at present is that of "dead vs. lively balls," and thus far, in the practical illustration of the merits of the two kinds of balls used in the game, the dead ball has the best of it. Some ten years ago the lively elastic ball held full sway over the land. It was then that double figures prevailed to an alarming extent—ay, even treble figures were recorded, for in one game, played in Buffalo, the winning club scored 201 runs in a nine-innings game. In 1867 we reported a game in St. Louis between the Nationals of Washington and the Unions of St. Louis, in which, after a four hours' contest, with the thermometer at 104 in the shade, the score stood at 112 to 24. This was a pretty fair sample of the "splendid batting" games then in vogue. In one game played by the Athletics, the same year we think—and they revealed in elastic ball hitting—the score stood at 160 before they won. As many errors were made in one inning then as now mark a series of our model games of this season. The other day a game was played in Boston between the Harvard College nine and the Manchester club professionals, in which twenty-four innings were played without a run being scored on either side. Here we have a sample of the other extreme, this latter contest being played with a soft ball, not a moderately dead ball, as was the admirably-played game in St. Louis—referred to in our last—but a ball which could not be hit outside the in-field.

This last remarkable contest is thus described in a Boston paper:

Play began at about 3 o'clock, and the game was called at 6:30 o'clock, not because it was dark, but because the strain had begun to tell on the players. The extraordinary result was due mainly, of course, to the pitching the Harvards getting only seven safe hits and the Manchesters six, but the fielding was wonderfully sharp, both pitchers receiving almost perfect support. Only an ordinary contest was anticipated, and therefore not more than 200 people were on the grounds at 3 o'clock, when the game began. It was opened with the Harvards at the bat and Mr. Holmes of the class of 1875, Harvard, as umpire. In the first five innings fifteen men only of the Harvards went to the bat, and of these Wright alone made a safe hit. It was one, two, three on the other side for three innings, five of the twelve men striking out. In the sixth inning the college boys got down as far as the second base, and in the seventh Tower got a base further. In the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh innings the crimson retired as they went to the bat. The third inning Mincher and Sawyer occupied the first two bases when the third man was out, errors by Tyng and Dow getting them there. Daw's error was chargeable to the sun so much as to prevent Lannahan and Carl reaching bases two and one in the eighth inning, the latter on the first safe hit for his side. Say earned a base in the following inning, but was left. Bloge duplicated the hit in the tenth inning and was likewise left. From this point to the eighteenth inning the Manchesters were retired in batting order, making not even one safe hit, and their opponents not an error. Tyng made the best hit of the game, a long two-baser in the head in the tenth inning; but Tower could not help him to score. From this point to the twentieth inning Dow only reached first base. He earned one base in the seventeenth inning, and was nearly thrown out at second by Carl. To the close of the twenty-fourth inning neither side had a ghost of a chance to score, except, perhaps, the Harvards in the twenty-third. Then Dow and Sawyer went out in order, and Leeds came to the bat, striking to Woodhead. The latter threw a little wild, and the batsman got first by a scratch. A wild pitch sent him to third, where he stood, waiting for Tyng to bring him home. Tyng struck out. The Harvards went to the bat 77 times and the Manchesters 81 times. The scores:

HARVARDS.		MANCHESTERS.	
R.	B.	R.	B.
1	0	0	0
2	0	0	0
3	0	0	0
4	0	0	0
5	0	0	0
6	0	0	0
7	0	0	0
8	0	0	0
9	0	0	0
10	0	0	0
11	0	0	0
12	0	0	0
13	0	0	0
14	0	0	0
15	0	0	0
16	0	0	0
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97	0	0	0
98	0	0	0
99	0	0	0
100	0	0	0

Totals... 0 72 37 71

Innings—24 zeroes. Two-base hit—Tyng. First base on errors—Harvards, 1; Manchesters, 4. Errors on called balls—None. Struck out—Leeds, Tyng, Latham, Dow, (2), Woodhead (3), Mincher (3), Say (2), Snigls (3), Bloge, Lannahan, Carl (3), Double play—Snigls, Carl and Cogswell. Passed balls—None. Wild pitches—Snigls, 1. Wild throws—Tyng, Carl, Woodhead. Time of game, eighteen innings—24. Umpire—Mr. Holmes, of Harvard, 78.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The championship record up to May 14th inclusive left the League clubs occupying the following relative positions in the pennant race:

Following relative positions in the pennant race:			
CLUBS.	GAMES WON.	GAMES LOST.	GAMES DRAWN.
1. St. Louis.....	2	0	0
2. Louisville.....	2	1	0
3. Hartford.....	1	1	1
4. Chicago.....	1	2	1
5. Boston.....	1	2	1

MY NEIGHBOR'S BOYS.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

My neighbor's very fond of noise,
He's got about eleven boys
And thinks that he is best;
And someway it's got in his hair
Of all the boys that ever were
His urchins are the best.

These boys are very fond of fun;
They're always up before the sun,
And work all day at play.
They punch each other's tender heads,
And tear the atmosphere in shreds
With shrieks and hoots and yell.

They dearly love to stone my hana,
And put my pigs, there, in the pen
Till they enjoy it sore,
And sometimes they've stopped throwing
rocks

Against my house to give some knooks
With clubs on my front door.
They do not work so very hard
To throw dead cats into my yard
Nor have I heard them yet complain
That troubling me or gave them pain
In very great degrees.

It does not choke them very much
To call me names, fool, brute and such,
Of these they have no lack,
And never a one got hurt when he
came tumbling from my cherry-tree,
Nor seemed a bit set back.

I never knew them to be sick
Even when diseases were quite thick
And cholera about;
All my green apples failed to make
One of them have a pain or ache,
And why, I am in doubt.

Their loving father is a man
Built on the tender-hearted plan
And ne'er chastises them,
Because he thinks that he might hurt;
He upholds opinions of that sort
Which some men might condemn.

They never take out my yard
Things that are chained and bolted hard,
But, oh, my horses and
Whatever they take it may be said
That they leave some things in their stead—
Which generally are their tracks.

The house I live in is my own,
And peace I fix my hopes upon,
To live a life of mirth,
But, how this thought my spirit cheers—
I've leased this house for seven years—
Say, what are shot-guns worth?

Cavalry Custer.

From West Point to the Big Horn.

OR,
THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE
SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

XVI.

The project for conquering Sitting Bull looked very nice on paper, and appeared, to many people, certain of success. It was supposed that the Sioux chief had, at the utmost, about eight hundred warriors, and the different columns were to aggregate about two thousand eight hundred men, all coming at him at the same time. General Gibbon's force was quite small, and all cavalry, about four hundred men; Crook had twelve hundred, and the Custer column was to be the same strength.

It was late in March before the soldiers were able to move, and then, at last, Crook started from Fort Laramie. This post was so far south of Fort Lincoln that the snow had melted, and every one thought spring had come when the column started. They were undeciphered before three days had passed, by the coming of a tremendous snow-storm, followed by the thermometer going below zero, a way it has in the north-west. Every expedition that starts before May in those latitudes has the same experience, and almost the same storm to encounter.

Custer and Gibbon, being further north, were still shut in by the deep snow, and unable to move; and Crook had the first campaign all to himself. Just as Custer had done at the Washita, seven years before, Crook found the country clear of Indians, and his scouts found a village down in a river valley, which they might have taken by surprise had they been led by a man like Custer.

This village was that of a great friend and ally of Sitting Bull, a Sioux chief called Crazy Horse. He had about a hundred and fifty lodges, or some six hundred warriors. These were struck by General Reynolds, who commanded Crook's cavalry, and the village was taken and burned, while the herd of ponies was captured. Owing, however, to the laziness or misbehavior of some of the commanders of the detachments surrounding the village, the Indian warriors got off with very small loss, killed several soldiers, recaptured their ponies, and left General Reynolds with the barren honor of an empty victory, which crippled Crook's column so much that it was obliged to return to Fort Laramie to refit.

It was fully intended that the Custer column should have started next, but here a strange train of circumstances set in, which ended disastrously for the nation. It so happened that the then Secretary of War, Mr. Belknap, was being tried in Washington for bribery in selling a post-tradership, and some meddling people took it into their heads that General Custer knew something about the matter. Accordingly, he was summoned post-haste to Washington, by a subpoena, to testify before a committee of Congress. The real fact was that he knew nothing of importance on the subject, and tried hard to be excused from going. He telegraphed to the committee, telling them how he was detailed to command an expedition in the field, and begging to be examined at Fort Lincoln. It was no use; they would have him, and he was obliged to go. The end of the matter was that he was kept in Washington nearly two months, waiting to be examined, and that when his testimony was taken it brought him into a personal quarrel with the President, who took Mr. Belknap's side in the trial.

When, at last, Custer was let off, he started at once for the West, to get back to his station, and was stopped at Chicago by a telegram from General Sherman, who, by order of the President, directed General Sheridan to detain Custer and send off the expedition without him.

This of course was a terrible blow for Custer. A great many men in his position would have left the army, disgusted with such treatment, publicly humiliated without proper cause. Custer, however, was remarkably patient of injury, and quite determined to live down the slight. He felt convinced that the President misunderstood him, and would do him justice in the end. He remonstrated so well with General Sherman, and finally with the President himself, that the latter relented so far as to allow Custer to go on the expedition, in command of his own regiment, though General Terry was ordered to take command of the whole column.

Custer was quite content to do as he was ordered. General Terry was a very fine officer,

and a generous-hearted man, and he trusted Custer implicitly. He himself had won all his experience in the civil war, never having been in the field against Indians, and he was quite content to take Custer's advice in all matters connected with the expedition.

So, at last, in the middle of May, 1876, the Terry Column, that should have been the Custer Column, started from Fort Lincoln, on the same route taken by the Yellowstone expedition of 1873, and marched in search of Sitting Bull.

We will not detain ourselves over the incidents of the early part of this march. It was begun too late in the year to surprise the Indians, and Sitting Bull was gathering in fresh forces every day.

It will be remembered that his supposed haunt was somewhere to the south of the Yellowstone river, between the Big Horn and Powder rivers. If the reader will take a map and look at the country, he will find that the Missouri river describes nearly a quarter circle all round this region, at a distance of some three hundred miles. It is rather important to remember this fact, for the reason that all along the Missouri exists a line of large Indian agencies, each averaging about five hundred warriors, fed, clothed, and armed by the government, and that, all through this summer of 1876, the Indians from these agencies were going off across the plains to join Sitting Bull at the same time that Crook, Gibbon and Terry were hunting for him.

The Indians went on horseback, in small squads, with two or three ponies apiece, carrying nothing but themselves and arms. They lived on buffalo, or antelope, or wolf, or rabbit, or anything they could find, and the ponies got fat on the spring-grass, while they traveled thirty miles a day. No wonder they outstripped a slow column of soldiers, with their hundreds of wagons, who could move no faster than the slowest team.

The result was that when the scouts of Terry and Gibbon at last met, on June 1st, on the Yellowstone, at the mouth of Tongue river, Sitting Bull had somewhere about three thousand warriors, of half a dozen different tribes, all snugly corralled in the valley of the Big Horn, no one knew exactly where, and lay midway between Terry and Crook, who was now slowly advancing from the south.

Now at last the campaign commenced in earnest. The two army columns were about two hundred and fifty miles apart, and the country between them was very little known. Captain Reynolds, in 1855, had been up some of the streams, but outside of these maps were quite loose and full of conjecture. So Crook and Terry began to feel for Sitting Bull by scouting over the country.

Crook had quite a large force, and he was soon joined by a number of Indians from the Snake and Crow tribes, when he slowly advanced north toward the Yellowstone, encamping at the head-waters of the Tongue river about June 15th. The country of Sitting Bull was found to be traversed by the following rivers, all running north with the Yellowstone, counting from west to east—the Big Horn, Rosebud, Tongue, and Powder.

These streams had others running into them, called the Little Horn, Little Rosebud, Little Powder. The Snake scouts soon brought Crook word that a big Indian village was pitched in the valley of the Little Rosebud, and Crook started to find it, June 16th. Now, for the first time, he began to march in earnest, passing over forty miles, and arriving within about eight miles of Sitting Bull's village at night. Had he only been active enough to have marched on all night, as Custer did at the Washita, there is little doubt but Crook might have surprised Sitting Bull. As it was, he allowed his Snakes and Crows to go on a spree that night, and put his men into camp.

Next morning, at daybreak, instead of surprising Sitting Bull, Sitting Bull surprised him, by a furious attack with nearly three thousand warriors, who charged again and again, drove back one of his wings, and were only driven off at last by the infantry. Crook lost a good many men, and was again so much crippled that he had to fall back to the Tongue river and send for reinforcements.

In the meantime, Terry and Gibbon, far away to the north, knew nothing of all this. They were hunting about for a trail that would lead them to Sitting Bull. Small parties of Indians had been annoying Gibbon before he met Terry, but since their junction all these fellows had vanished.

It became necessary to send out a scouting party. Terry could not spare Custer for this duty; he needed him too much at headquarters. It was determined, therefore, to send out Major Reno, the next senior officer of the Seventh, with six companies of that regiment, to ride up the Powder river to the Little Powder, thence round the Tongue or Rosebud, and back to camp at the mouth of the Tongue. It was thought probable that he might come on a trail some where. Reno reached the Little Powder in five days, without seeing a sign of Indians, but as he reached the Tongue, on his way back, he came across a large, broad lodge-pole trail, leading southward toward the Rosebud, and his scouts pronounced it not much over a week old.

Reno was a cautious officer, too cautious to follow such a large trail with only six companies any further than to make sure that it did not scatter. As soon as he had satisfied himself on this point, he made for headquarters, which he reached on the evening of the 21st June. There, of course, his news produced considerable excitement, and Terry resolved to strike for the Indians at once.

It must be remembered that every one there was perfectly ignorant of Crook's repulse, three days before. The latest news they had was about the Crazy Horse fight, where there were less than six hundred Indians, and all Terry feared was that the new trail might be that of a wandering band, which would escape if not followed promptly. Together with Gibbon's force, the combined column now numbered nearly sixteen hundred men, with about twelve hundred cavalry and a huge train.

Terry at once determined to send Custer off on the hunt with the Seventh Cavalry, by the direct trail, while Gibbon was to move up the Yellowstone by the Big Horn, thence up the Big Horn valley, and Terry himself would follow Custer with the infantry and train.

Custer was ordered to follow the trail and use his own discretion as to what he should do, as Terry, in his written instructions, said that he had "too much confidence in your zeal, energy and ability to wish to impose upon you precise orders, which might hamper your action when nearly in contact with the enemy."

This was a splendid compliment to Custer, nearly as proud as the one he received in 1868, when Sherman and Sheridan asked for him to end the Indian war. General Terry recommended him, however, to make a wide detour, and send through scouts to Gibbon's column, so as to prevent the Indians from slipping out between the two. His whole idea in the orders seems to have been that the Indians might slip off.

On the afternoon of the 22d June, 1876, a date that will be remembered for many a long year, the Seventh Cavalry, nearly eight hundred men strong, saddled up, broke camp, and moved out to pass in review before General Terry, ere they set out on that memorable march. Men and horses alike looked splendid, and all felt confident of success. They were so used to victory that they believed themselves to be invincible.

There rode Custer at the head, in his jaunty buckskin suit, with a broad, shadowing gray hat set on his short, wavy hair. He had shorn his long curls in 1871, while in Kentucky, and dressed, when in the States, as quietly as anyone.

Then there was Adjutant Cooke, the beauty of the regiment, over six feet high, weighing two hundred, with a straight Greek face, and the most magnificent black beard you ever saw. All the girls were in love with gallant Cooke, the "Queen's Own," as they called him.

There was Tom Custer, the general's double, a little younger, just as nervous, active and handsome, one of the smartest cavalry officers in the service. Calhoun, just as big as Cooke, and even handsomer in his peculiar style, with a soft delicate face of the same Greek type, fair hair and dark eyes. Calhoun was Custer's brother-in-law. Then there was Major Reno, rather stoutish, with a face something like that of Napoleon, but spoiled by a little mustache. There was Captain Fred. Benteen, with a clean-shaven young-looking face, bold and hearty, while his hair was very curly and nearly snow-white. These were the principal officers who figured in the fight that followed, though there were others whose names will come in later.

To judge how the regiment felt about the coming fight, a word or two will suffice. A lady once asked one of the officers of the Seventh if he had any idea of how many Indians it would take to whip the Seventh Cavalry all together. He hesitated, pondered, and finally said that he did not believe they could get together enough Indians on the whole plains to whip the Seventh. And he believed it, as did all. They had never seen, for at least ten years, more than two thousand Indians together, and they had whipped the Indians one to four many a time.

So to try rode off on the trail of the Indian band to find Sitting Bull, as if they were going to a wedding.

(To be concluded next week.)

MODERN VERSES IN ANTIQUE STYLE.

Oh, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

What, you smatched, too,
The pearl of all
You, spared so long
From slander's fall—
Standing unscathed
By the foul dew—
The ink rain
That spares so few,
And now, at last,
Comes down on you!Oh, Lady, Lady, can it be that we
Were wrong in thinking you all purity!What has despoiled us
Of our belief?
Was foul calumny
The only thief?
Or have your actions
(Oh, grief of grief,
Keen-edged, heart-smiting)
Matted in life's brief?Oh, Lady, Lily Flower, are you still white,
And is it but a mist that blinds our sight?Too late! too late!
It matters little:
A woman's name
Is all so brittle!
E'en while we handle,
Not quite despairing,
The porcelain shatters.
Past all repairing!Oh, Queen, White Rose, that quickest periseth,
Your petals wither in suspicion's breath.Let worldlings mock:
We are but sad
That one White Flower
The garden had—
Whose sunny sight
The senses fed
With manna more
Than wine or bread,
Has railed for aye
Its gracious head.Oh, Lady, Lady, in your heart write this:
That we were wrong in loving you and bliss,
And Life and Death, are wedded in one kiss!'Tis not too late,
Rise in your might.
You gave no kiss,
You are still white.
Hurl back the lie,
Stand bravely up,
Refuse to drink
This bitter cup.But, fair, sweet Queen, whate'er you do again,
Remember good discretion saves sad pain.

Irel Green's Ivy.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

NORTHCOTE and the delightful country surrounding it were in a state of excitement that bordered on frenzy. A dastardly crime had been committed, and Irel Green's daughter Ivy, than whom no sweeter and fairer girl ever claimed adoration, stood charged with the commission of the deed.

Now there were two Ivy Greens, and they were cousins.

One was the only child of Stephen Green, the rather taciturn and surly miller, whose great burrs ran day and night, at the edge of the village, while the other was the sunlight of the old-fashioned farm-house visible from the little town. They were singularly alike in form and feature, but differed essentially in habits and dress. The miller's daughter led the village gatherings, sung in the choir, and started the fashions, while her more modest cousin took music lessons at home, and wore wild flowers in her golden hair.

The latter was called Irel Green's Ivy, to distinguish her from her village cousin, such distinction being often necessary in conversation.

One of the fairest nights imaginable had been selected, as it were, for the commission of the crime which had shocked the neighborhood. The pistol-shot rung out loud and startlingly clear upon the crisp autumn air, and the handsome young man, the victim of the murderous hand, still hovered between life and death, though several weeks of pain and fright had passed away.

Roger Startle loved Irel Green's Ivy, against the wishes of the somewhat avaricious old farmer, who declared that his child should never marry a man with white hands, the suitor being a young lawyer. He was not long in discovering farmer Green's personal aversion, and had visited the girl several times by stealth. Time, he thought, would bring things about for the best, and so he persevered.

During his visits to Northcote, he encountered the miller's daughter, whose heart, it would seem, at once fell into his possession, and the cunning became rivals in love. He appeared to linger in the village longer than had been his

wont, and much of his time was spent in the belle's company, till gossip reached the ears of the country girl, and there was a lover's quarrel.

Now I come to the story of the beautiful accused.

She told it in her father's presence at the excited examination that followed the crime.

She had met Roger Startle clandestinely on the fatal night, and he had escorted her from the trying-place to the great old farm-gate that opened into the leaf-strewn lane that led to the farm-house. She averred that they had "made up," and were on good terms when they separated, he having kissed her good-night, and taken a ring from her hand.

When a few yards from the gate, she was startled by a pistol-shot, followed quickly by a human cry. Turning, with her heart in her throat, she saw a figure fall heavily to the earth just beyond the gate, and her feet bore her quickly to the spot. Prone upon the ground, with his blood dyeing the yellow leaves a terrible crimson, lay the man from whom she had just parted.

He was gasping between the groans that occasionally parted his lips. At his side lay a small revolver which Ivy seized with a cry of recognition. She was standing erect with the weapon in her hand when hurried footsteps startled her, and a moment later she found herself in the presence of three villagers, whose coo-oo's explained their coming.

They had heard nobody flying from the scene of the crime; they found Ivy Green standing over the prostrate man with a ghastly face and with the weapon, her property and a gift from him, in her bloodless hand.

It might have been well for the girl if the testimony of the coo-hunters ended here; but alas! it did not. They declared that Roger Startle suddenly revived when he was addressed by the leader of the party.

"Who did this?" was the question. "Tell us who shot you?"

The lawyer groaned and tried to bury his face in his hands, as he answered, slowly and sorrowfully:

"Ivy Green. I never wronged her!"

It was terrible evidence against the pale girl who stood before the improvised bar of justice protesting her innocence, and calling upon Heaven to witness that in all her life she had never lifted a hand against the stricken man.

She admitted the pungency of the coo-hunters' testimony; but averred that the revolver had been missing from her boudoir for several days. But her declarations were taken with many grains of allowance by the excited people, and she was released on bail to await the result of the lawyer's inquiries.

Charged with a crime that made her young soul shudder, and blighting with its shadow the rosy tints of the future life, Ivy Green walked from the village bar to the home darkened by the sorrow that hovered over it. She could scarcely believe. The events of the past few hours seemed a dream from which she would awaken to happiness and peace; but it was all too real—too terrible. Her father, who walked grief-stricken and pitifully at her side across the fields, did not speak until they had reached the bars that opened into the orchard.

There he stopped abruptly, and placed his hand upon her shoulder, while he looked steadily into her tearful eyes.

"Ivy," he said, "we are about to meet mother. What will you say to her? If you are guilty, don't keep back the truth; out with it like a woman!"

And she answered:

"The truth it shall be, as God is my witness! I did not shoot him. When he mentioned my name, as the men say he did, his mind must have been wandering. Why should I kill him, father, when I love him with my whole heart, though against your will?"

Irel Green could not reply, and so, hanging his head, he preceded his daughter across the orchard pasture in mournful silence.

They entered the house, and the mother, with the true love that burns in every mother's bosom, welcomed home the accused child. Then Irel Green said to his wife:

"It's mighty black against Ivy, mother; but, here is one who says that she didn't do it."

"These words were balm to the broken heart; they brought smiles of gratitude to the young girl's face."

A fortnight passed before the excitement began to show signs of abatement.

Roger Startle was passing beyond danger; but the surgeons said that the wound, which was in the head, would in all probability render him insane, and cause him to be incarcerated in a mad-house, whenever he could be moved.

He still lay at the home of one of Farmer Green's neighbors, where he was receiving careful nursing. His actions seemed to confirm the surgeon's decision, for he talked after the manner of a child, and did not recognize the friends who visited him from time to time from his native town.

His removal to the mad-house was to be the signal for Ivy Green's public trial. While public sentiment pitied her, it demanded justice, and she heard from day to day that she must suffer for the crime committed in the lane.

Since the crime she had not seen the victim. She had been forbidden to appear in his presence, and the order seemed to crush her last wish to the earth, and trample it un pityingly there.

"I cannot endure this agony longer!" she exclaimed. Over there he lies, attended by those who are kind for money, and I—I sit here with his condition charged upon me. They say one would hardly know him; his face is thin and white, and his eyes are deeply sunken. I cannot sit here night after night and gaze upon the roof that shelters him. I must see him! I care not if the visit binds a new chain of death about me."

It was getting dusk when the fair but hollow-cheeked girl stole from her room and glided like a specter through the orchard and across the brown meadow. The home of the Hills, where he lay, was not far distant; but, stealth retarded her progress, and it was night when she opened the gate without noise, and crept up to the window, half hidden by a clump of sorrowful lilacs.

Her heart was beating like a caged bird in her bosom, and she hugged the brown weather boards until her slim figure could hardly be distinguishable. Then she ventured to peer into the room.

A lamp was burning dimly within the apartment, but the single bed stood almost directly below it, as it were, and Irel Green's Ivy saw the man whom she had not seen since that fatal night.

He was sitting up in bed, his body propped by pillows plenty strong enough to bear up his emaciated frame. A wide bandage concealed his forehead, and rendered the cadaverous face the more ghastly, the deeply-sunken eyeballs the more maniacal.

The sight almost drove Ivy Green from the window. It was with difficulty that she could repress a cry, for she stood there shaking like

an aspen leaf. Despite the terrible change that disease had made, she knew him for the handsome man who had won her love, and her heart went out in pity and maidenly sympathy.

The night was chilly; great quantities of leaves were falling from the old trees that formed a cordon about the farm-house, and the cold winds blew mercilessly to Ivy's heart, and made her teeth clatter. She heard nothing, saw nothing but the occupant of the plain room; her life was wrapped up in his existence. All at once the girl started, for the invalid put forth a pale and bony hand to lift a glass of water that stood on the bureau near the couch.

Something glittered on one of his fingers. Its flash was the sign of recognition.

The girl recognized her ring, the one that he had taken at the gate just before the cruel shot.

In some freak of harmless lunacy he had doubtless placed it on the finger, or perhaps during a flash of sanity, when he thought of her.

In her eagerness Ivy Green pressed her face against the pane, which rattled suddenly, for it was loose.

Quick as a flash of summer lightning the invalid dropped the glass, and turned toward the window. The next instant their eyes had met, and Ivy was wondering what would follow.

His eyes grew bright with a light that made the girl's heart beat faster than ever. His hands were put forward imploringly, and she heard the white lips murmur:

"Ivy! Ivy! If it be not your ghost, come here."

The last sound had not died away when the farmer's daughter, with her loving arms about him, was raining kisses upon his cheeks.

She cannot tell to-day how she gained admittance into the room; but she was there, and at his side again.

And he was saying:

"I am not mad, Ivy! They say that you are to be tried for shooting me—that I accused you in the lane. No! no! I did not mean you—for you are Irel Green's Ivy. There is another Ivy Green!"

The girl almost started from his embrace. She threw a strange stare into his eyes.

"I saw her as I reeled," he said. "She held a smoking pistol in her hand! Oh! Ivy, when will there be no jealous women?"

"Jealous, Roger?"

"Yes. She was jealous. I loved the, to her, wrong Ivy Green; but I didn't think she'd do that."

The terrible truth of the crime at night had been plain.

Irel Green's Ivy was not guilty; but the bells of the village, the miller's Ivy, wore the signet of crime.

The Hills found the lovers there; they found Roger Startle in his right mind, and it was reluctantly, but with a load lifted from his heart, that Ivy Green hurried home as the light of the day of her deliverance was breaking.

The truth was bound to leak out. The miller's daughter came to the confessional, told how she purloined her cousin's gift revolver, and how with jealous hand she lifted it against the man she could not win.

Roger Startle would not prosecute; he kept the law from taking hold on the guilty, and the jealous belle left the country. One day a tall and handsome man entered Farmer Green's house to find it filled with smiling people.

He was Roger Startle, and he had come to claim and take away Irel Green's Ivy.

Ripples.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR says the earth is growing larger. We are glad to hear it, for real estate has shrunk fearfully in the past three years.

MR. FURLONG is the name of a school teacher out West. The scholars don't like him, perhaps for the reason that a furlong has forty rods.

ARE you a Turcophile and a Russophile, or a Russophile and a Turcophile? Do Hibernians hibernates? If so, do tatterdemalions tatterdemalions?

EARLY morning. Man with head out of window—"Halloa! Who's there?" Man at the door—"Baker, with the bread." "Oh! Well, just put it through the keyhole."

"HAVE you any boned turkey?" asked a hungry customer in a Nevada restaurant. The proprietor laid his hand on his revolver, and cried: "No insinuations here, young man. We're honest here, and don't 'bone' nothin'!"

DID you ever see a young lady undertake to drop a letter in the post-office box without drawing it back several times to scan the directions and the stamp and the gummed side before finally letting it drop! As curious as it may seem, we have.

NONE knew how to draw long bills on futurity better than Mahomet. He possessed himself of a large stock of real and present pleasures, as well as power by promising those good things to his followers hereafter; and like an almanac-maker, made his fortune in this world by telling absurd lies about another.

"Isn't he a darling little spring blossom?" asked Mrs. Kobobulus, dandling the cowering baby toward her husband. "Yes," grunted Mr. Kobobulus, standing before the glass, deep in the mystery of fastening a collar with three button-holes on one button. "Yes, he's a regular little crow cuss." And it made Mrs. Kobobulus so mad she threw the baby at him.

It was time the young man spoke out his sentiments. For five years and three months he had courted pretty Mary—and by his sticking so long and well drove all other suitors away. Last Sunday night he was neatly hooked by the lady who suggested to him the propriety of spelling Mary with an extra r. Wedding announced for June. No cards.

WHEN a new pedestrian makes her debut, the Boston newspapers call it "bounding from sedentary obscurity into the arena of peripatetic celebrity." If a tramp with an empty stomach should be hit by a cold potato, they would doubtless refer to the occurrence as the impingement of an athermal, esculent, farinaceous tuber upon the victim's stomachic vacuity.

A New York gentleman visiting the other day at a country seat on the Hudson was in the conservatory, where, showing off before some friends his knowledge of flowers and of the vowel pronunciation in the German, he said to the German gardener: "I suppose you have in your country the same names as we for most plants! For instance, you probably call that flower 'vair-bay-na,' do you not?" "No," said the gardener, "we call that not 'vair-bay-na,' we call that 'hay-le-o-trope.'"